M1503
H56A5

HERBERT

THE ROSE OF ALGERIA

S-207

S-207 THE ROSE OF ALGERIA S-207

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Mr Lew Fields' Presents the Musical Play

The Rose of Algeria

Book and Lyrics by
GLEN MACDONOUGH

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

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VOCAL SCORE
Price $2.00 net.

CHAS · K · HARRIS
New York Chicago London

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LEW FIELDS'

Production of
The Musical Play

The Rose of Algeria

Book and Lyrics by
GLEN Mac DONOUGH

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Vocal Score $2.00 net

PUBLISHED BY
CHAS. K. HARRIS
NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON

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The Rose of Algeria

Book and Lyrics by
GLEN Mac DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Cast of Characters.

Zoradie: Sultana of the Barakeesh, a powerful desert tribe. Seen in Act I. as Miriam the fortune teller.

General Petitpons: Governor General of Algeria and uncle of Captain de Lome.

Millicent Madison, M.D. An American doctress in charge of a corps of imported trained nurses.

Captain de Lome: Commandant of a French military post near the Algerian sea coast.

Barnum Sells:
Bailey Ringling: } Two young American circus men, forced by the stranding of their circus in Algiers to enlist in the Foreign Legion of the French army.

Lieut. Bertrand: Aide to Capt. de Lome.

Mr. Billings F. Cooings:
Mrs. Billings F. Cooings: } A recently married couple upon their honeymoon and bound for nowhere in particular.

Mirzah:
Zaphirie: } Ladies in waiting to the Sultana.

Mimi: From Paris.

ACT I.— A French military post near the coast of Algeria
ACT II.— Exterior of an old palace in the outskirts of the city of Algiers.
TIME: The Present.

Staged by. . . . . .NED WAYBURN

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The Rose of Algeria.

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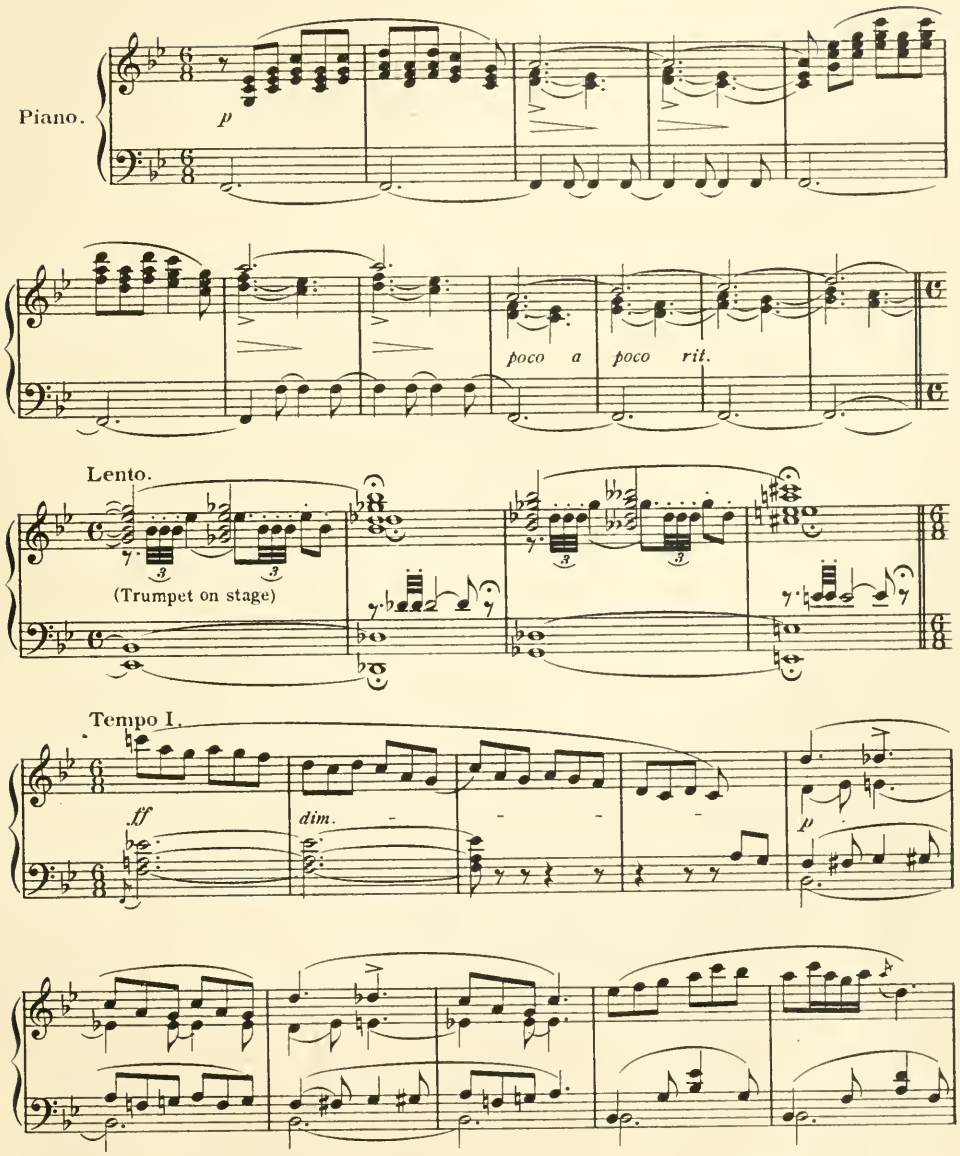
ACT I.

№ 1.

Opening Chorus.



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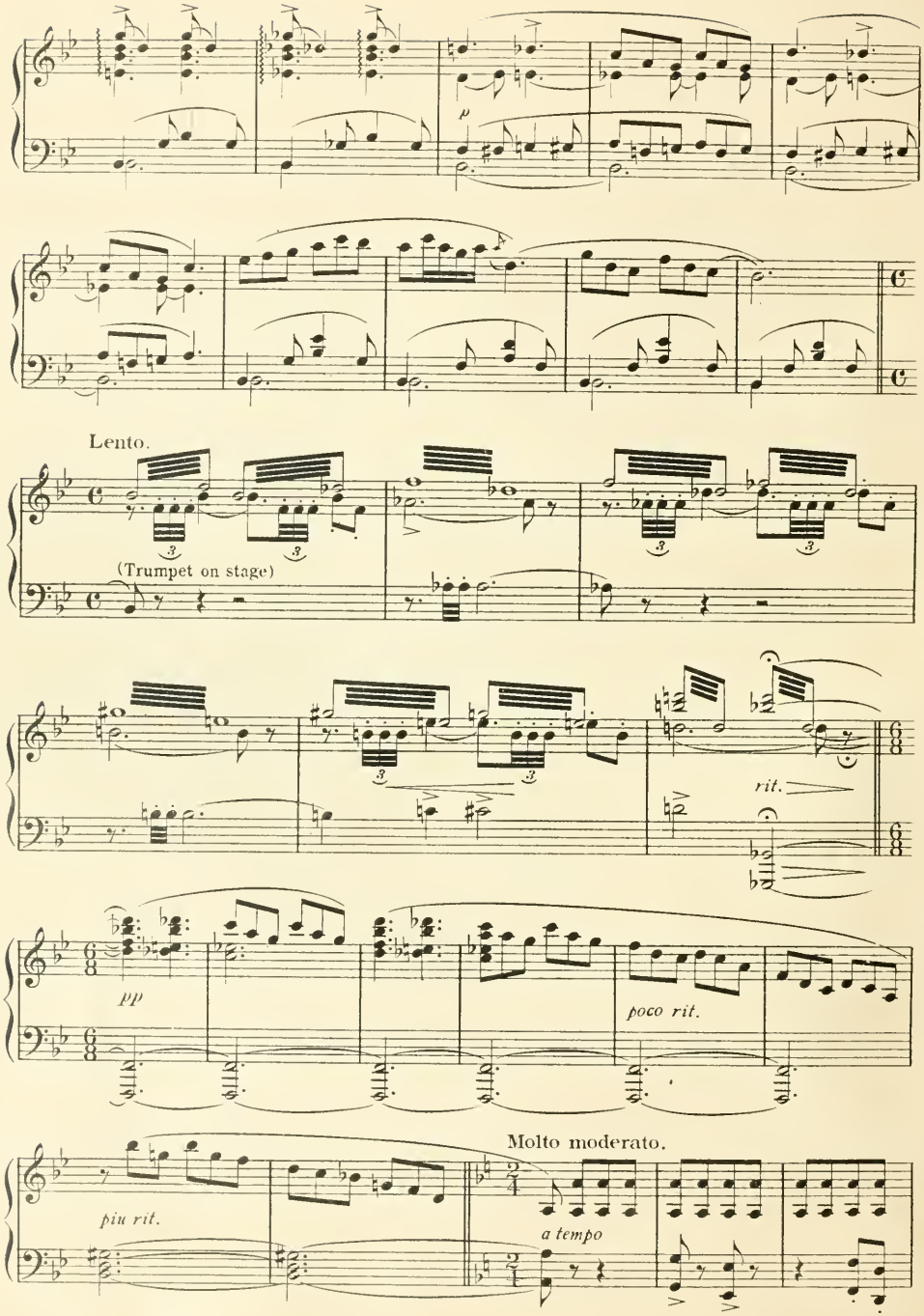

p
Lento.
(Trumpet on stage)
rit.
pp
poco rit.
Molto moderato.
piu rit.
a tempo

TENORS. WATER CARRIERS. *p*

Oh broth-er of the proph-et peace to thee!

BASSES. SWEETMEAT SELLERS. *p*

Oh

COOINGS. *pp*

Pray si - lent be!

broth-er of the proph-et buy of me!

p

— can you not see the la - dy sleeps the la - dy

sleeps SWEETMEAT SELLERS.

the la - dy sleeps.

(A Storyteller enters)

p

THE STORYTELLER.

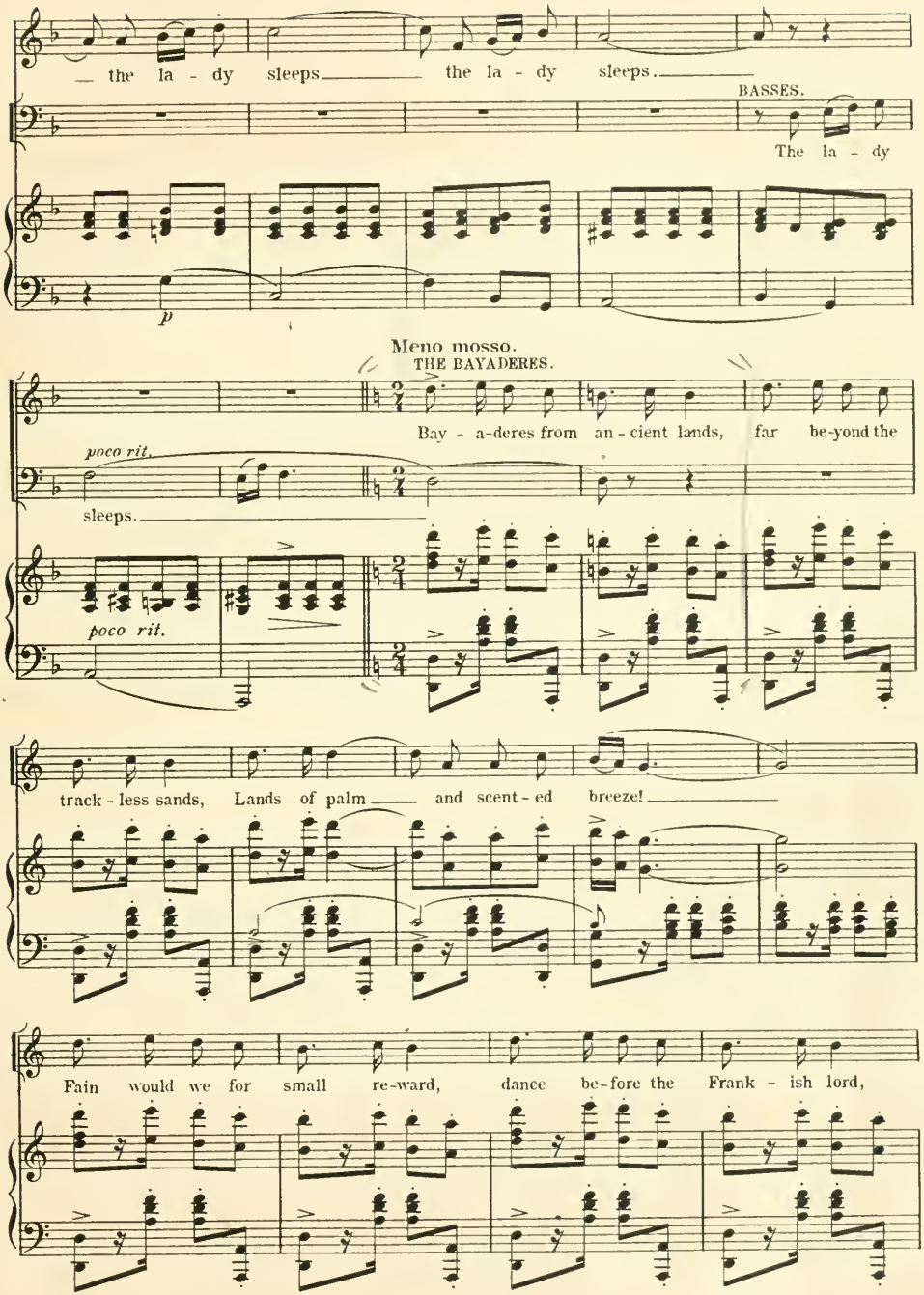
Pro - tect-or of the

Friend - less bid me tell An East-ern tale and I will tell it

p

COOINGS.

well Be off, I pray, up - on your way


the la - dy sleeps the la - dy sleeps.
BASSES.
The la - dy
p
Meno mosso.
THE BAYADERES.
Bay - a-deres from an - cient lands, far be-yond the
poco rit.
sleeps.
poco rit.
track - less sands, Lands of palm and scent - ed breeze!
Fain would we for small re-ward, dance be-fore the Frank - ish lord,

thus per-chance his lord-ship please Ah!

Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

COOINGS.

(Tempo I.)
Piu mosso.

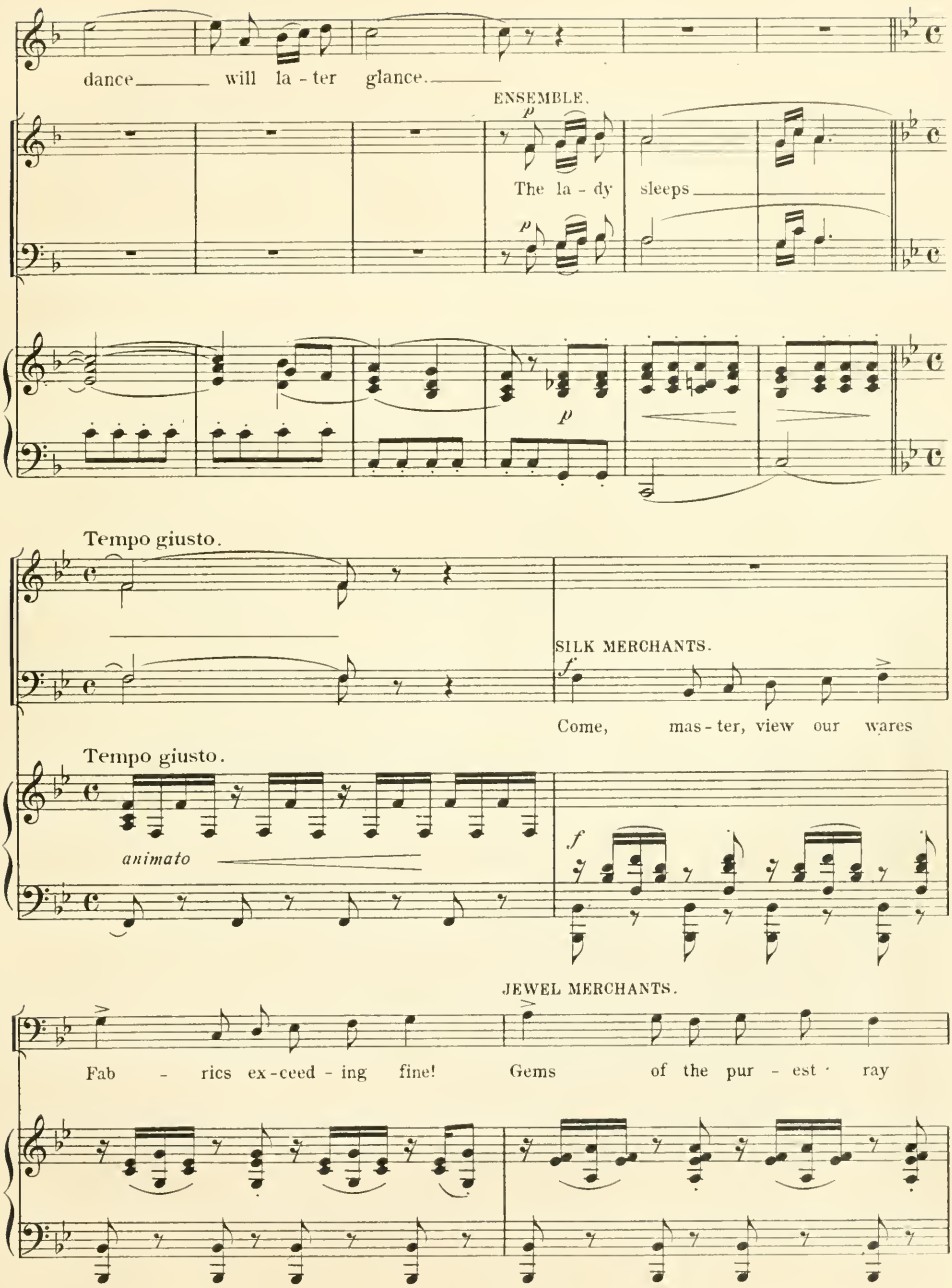
We at your

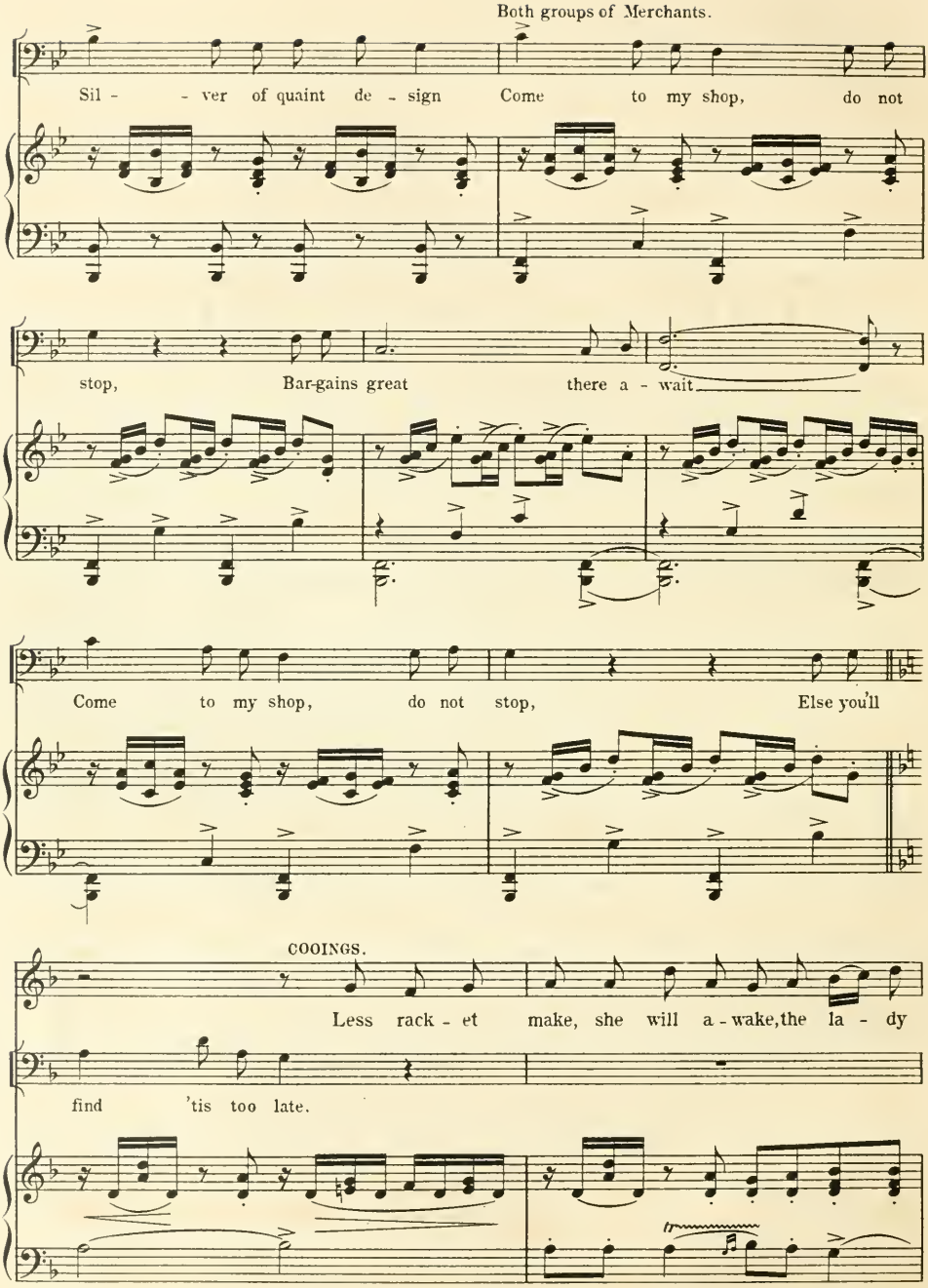
Ah! With our dance his lord-ship please.

sva *loco*

Piu mosso.

p


dance will la - ter glance.
ENSEMBLE.
p
The la - dy sleeps
p
p
Tempo giusto.
SILK MERCHANTS.
f
Come, mas - ter, view our wares
Tempo giusto.
animato
f
JEWEL MERCHANTS.
Fab - rics ex - ceed - ing fine! Gems of the pur - est ray


Both groups of Merchants.
Sil - - ver of quaint de - sign Come to my shop, do not
stop, Bar-gains great there a - wait
Come to my shop, do not stop, Else you'll
COOINGS.
Less rack - et make, she will a - wake, the la - dy
find 'tis too late.

sleeps.

TENORS. *ff* The la - dy sleeps, the la - dy sleeps. *dim.*

BASSES. *ff* *dim.*

ff

Grazioso.

MRS. COOINGS. *p* Oh George Oh where am I?

MR. COOINGS. My

p

p

Grazioso.

p *pp*

And where my dear is here?

dear-est you are here! I

And we are still up - on our hon - ey -

think it is Al - giers!

moon?

Thank good - ness!

We are

sempre a tempo

dim.

MIRIAM. *quasi Recitative.*

Allegro.

(Enter Miriam)

A for-tune for the Frankish la - dy

fz

sfz

a tempo

Lento. MIRIAM

A cup of wa - ter bring me quick - ly! (bus)

ALL WOMEN.

A for - tune.

Lento.

sfz *p*

Molto lento.

As this cup is o - ver - flow-ing So with joy shall be thy life,

pp

Nev-er pain or sor - row know-ing Learn-ing naught of woe or strife

All that waits for thee here - af - ter Comes from for-tunes treas-ur - y,

hours a-glow with love and laughter, Years from ev-'ry shadow free.

cresc.

Go hap-py bride go hap-py bride up -

STORYTELLERS & MERCHANTS. *pp*

Foul Frank-ish flag foul Frank-ish

p

on thy way, this charm with - in thy bo - som wear,

flag thy doom is close at hand no more the Moor shall be thy

And from thy side thy love shall ne'er stray

slave thy cur - sed folds a - bove our ho - ly land no

marcato.

Go hap-py bride se-rene and fair!

more shall wave thy cur sed folds no more shall

Go hap-py bride go hap-py bride up-

Hap - py bride on thy way

wave! Foul Frank-ish flag foul Frank-ish

Up-on thy way with-in thy bos-om wear,

on thy way this charm with-in thy bos-om wear

this charm with-in thy bos-om wear and

flag thy doom is close at hand no more the Moor shall be thy

and from thy side love shall ne'er stray, go

and from thy side love shall ne'er stray, go

from thy side love shall ne'er stray, go

thy cur-sed folds a-bove our land, no

slave thy cur-sed folds a-bove our ho-ly land, no

p

p

p

cresc. rit.

hap - py bride ser - ene and fair up-on thy

cresc. rit.

hap - py bride ser - ene and fair up-on thy

no more

cresc. rit.

more shall wave no more shall wave no more shall

molto cresc. fff

way Go hap - - - py

way Go hap - - - py

wave No more shall

pp fff

bride on thy way.

pp ff

bride on thy way.

fff

wave no more wave.

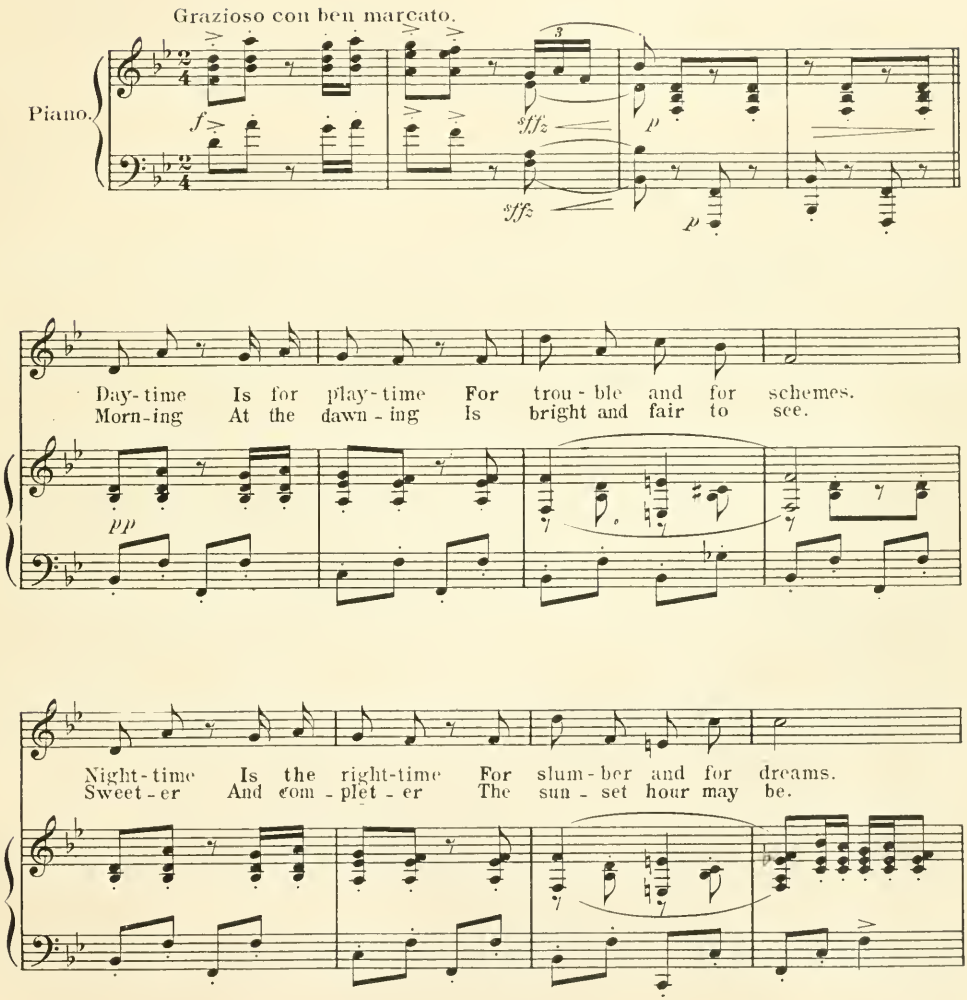
8va

pp fff sffz

№ 2

The Same old Two.

Mrs. Cooings and Chorus.



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All things Great and small things At cer-tain times are best, And
Moon-light And the twi - light Have beauties all their own, But

rit.

eve-ning star time is for love When fire-flies dance a - bove.
dear-est is the hour by far When gleams the ev'- ning star!

rit

Listesso tempo ma molto tranquillo.

pp

Ev - 'ry where that star shines down on sea-shore, moun-tain field and town

There it sees the same old two the love lorn lad and sweet-heart true,

O'er the face of count-less lands 'tis thus they wan-der hold-ing hands,

poco rit. a tempo

All they do is this, this, this, And all they say is "I love you!"

(Three Kisses)

rit poco ten. ten. p a tempo

CHORUS.

mf

Ev - 'ry-where that star shines down on sea-shore, moun-tain, field and town,

mf

There it sees the same old two the love born lad and sweet-heart true,

O'er the face of count - less lands 'tis thus they wan - der hold - ing hands,

All they do is this, this, this, And all they say is "I love you!"

poco rit. *a tempo*

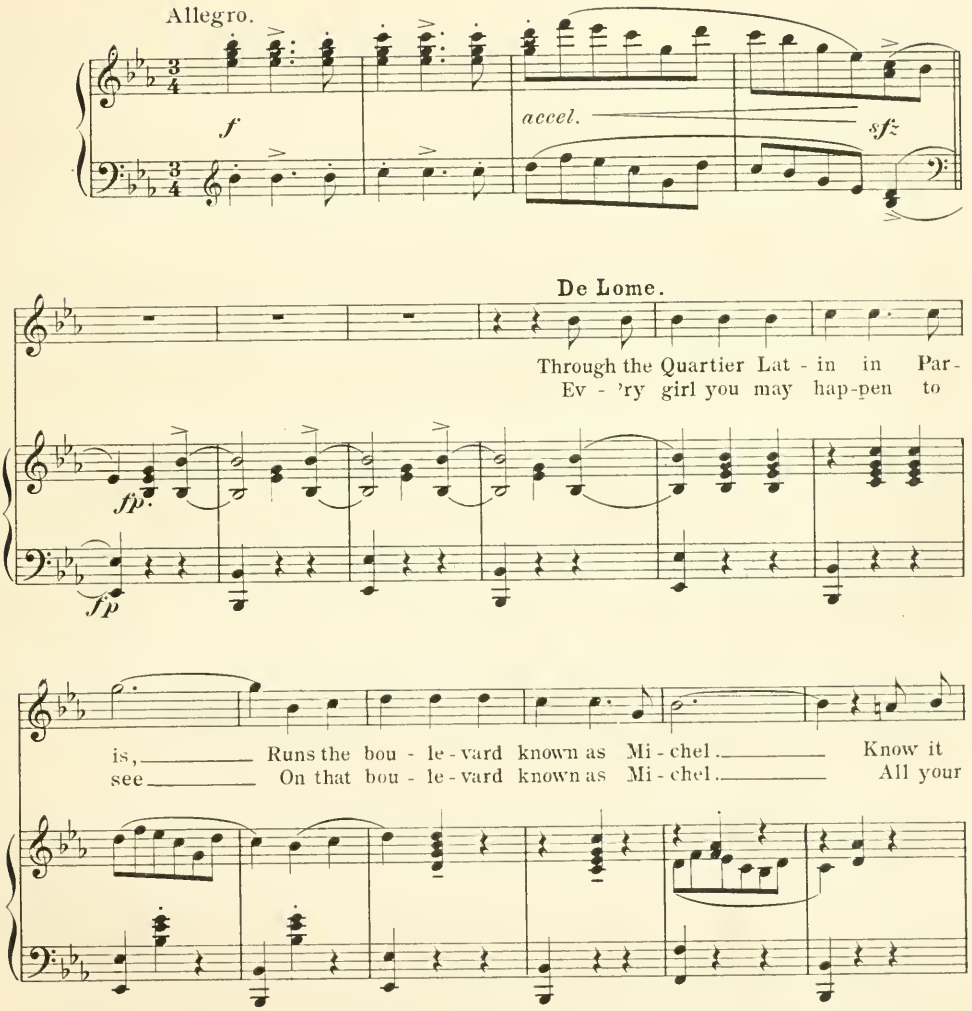
(Three Kisses)

poco rit. *a tempo* *Fine*

The Boule' Miche'.

(De Lome and Chorus.)

No 3



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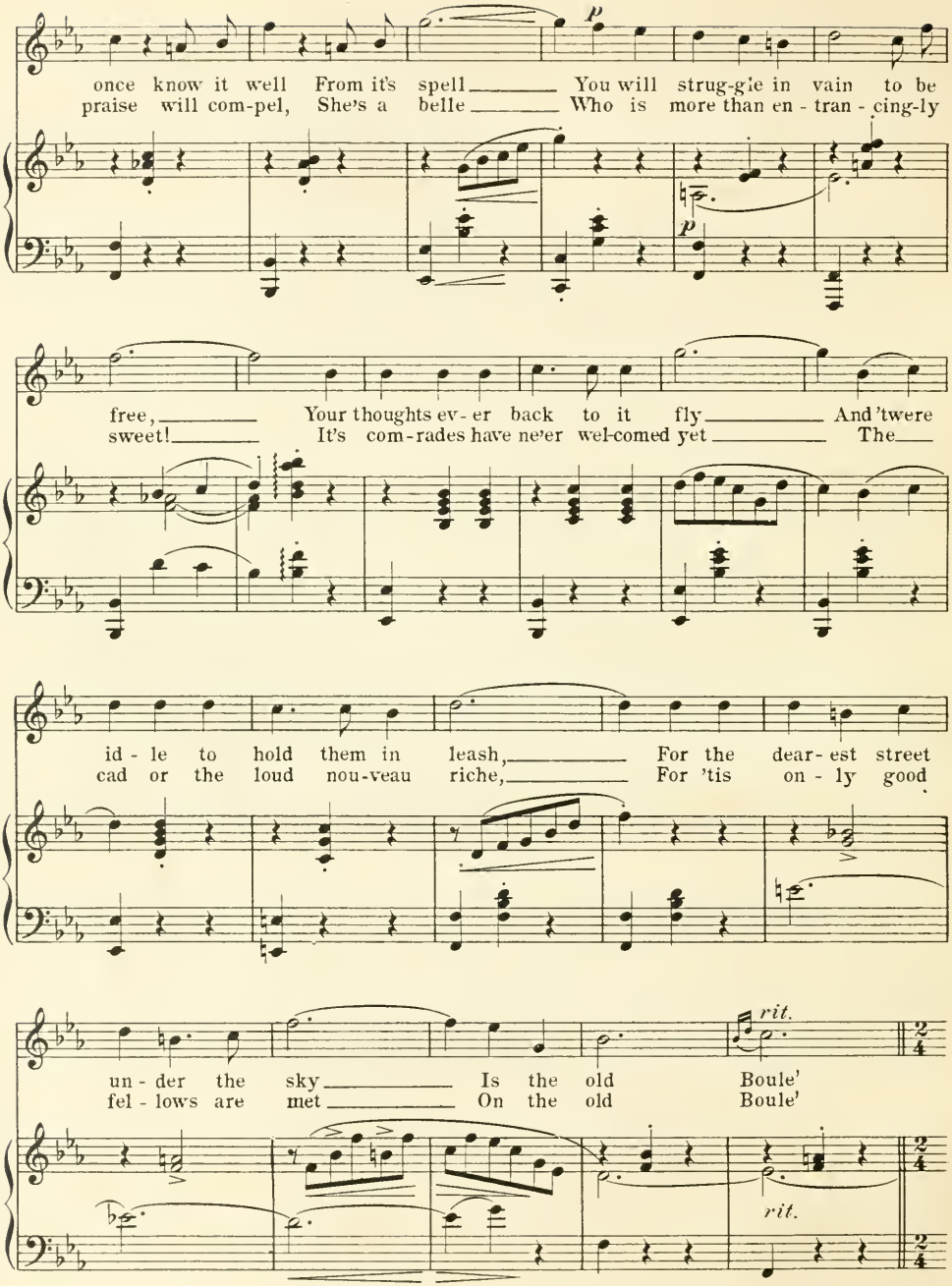

p
once know it well From it's spell You will strug-gle in vain to be
praise will com-pel, She's a belle Who is more than en - tran - cing-ly
p
free, Your thoughts ev - er back to it fly And 'twere
sweet! It's com-rades have ne'er wel-comed yet The
id - le to hold them in leash, For the dear- est street
cad or the loud nou-veau riche, For 'tis on - ly good
rit.
un - der the sky Is the old Boule'
fel - lows are met On the old Boule'
rit.

Tempo di Marcia.

rit. *a tempo*

Miche'! Miche'! Bon jour Mi - mi Come dine with

pp *rit.* *a tempo* *marcato*

me Hen - ri and George and An - toin-

ette, but first to the Ca - fé,

Panth - - e - on for just one petit verre of an - i -

sette 'twas thus it went in hours long

marcato

spent hap - py those days for - ev - er

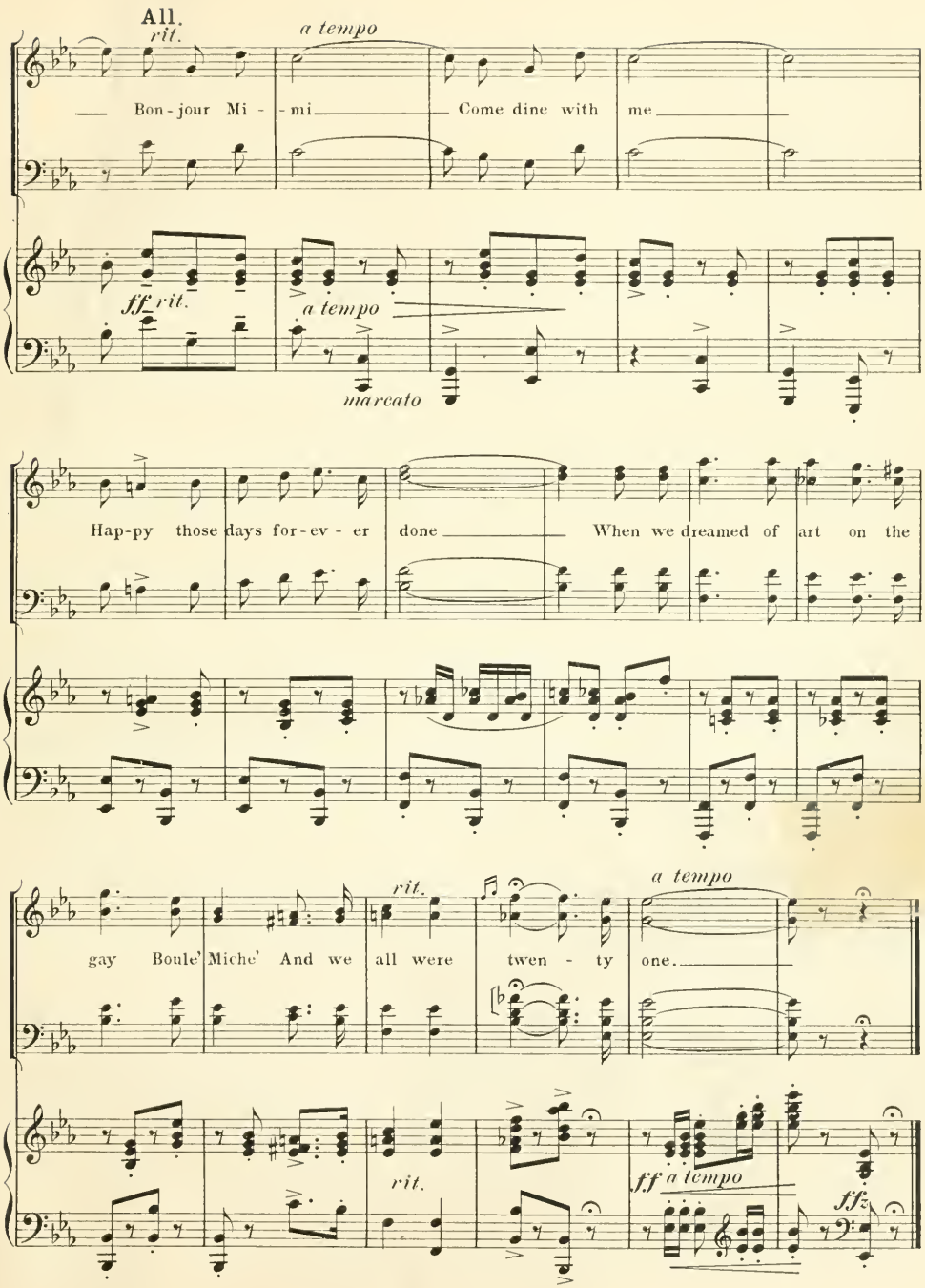
done When we dreamed of art on the

poco meno

gay Boule' Miche' And we all were twen - ty one.

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *fa tempo*


All.
rit.
a tempo
Bon-jour Mi - - mi
Come dine with me
ff rit.
a tempo
marcato
Hap-py those days for-ev - er done
When we dreamed of art on the
gay Boule' Miche' And we all were twen - ty one.
rit.
a tempo
rit.
ff a tempo
ffz

I've Been Decorated

No. 4

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Marcia (Allegro Giocoso)

With trump and drum
I thank you for

ffz

from far Al - giers In
your wel - come cheers, You

state I've come to still your fears
soon with more can greet my ears,

fz

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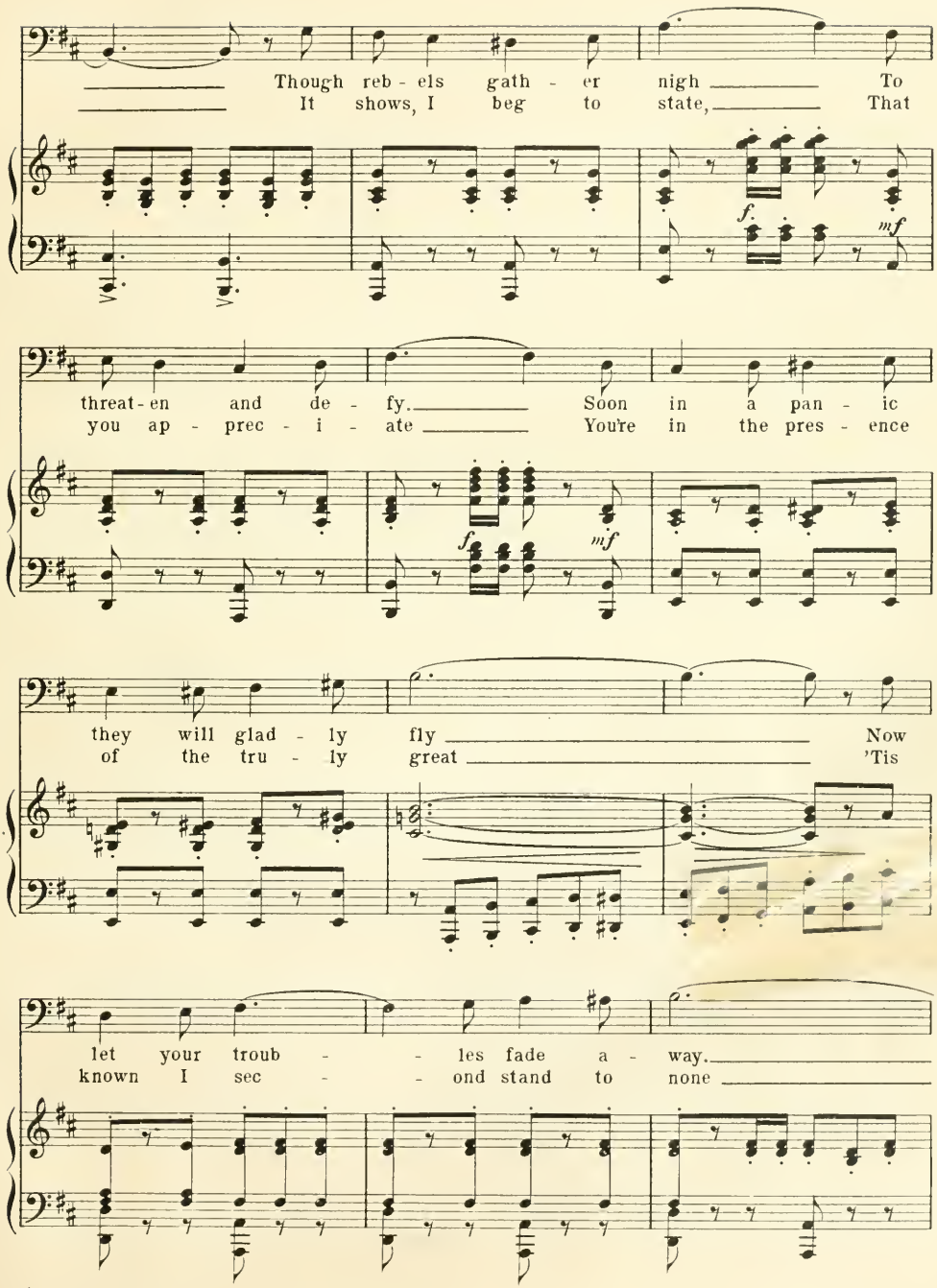

Though reb - els gath - er nigh To
It shows, I beg to state, That
threat - en and de - fy. Soon in a pan - ic
you ap - prec - i - ate You're in the pres - ence
they will glad - ly fly Now
of the tru - ly great 'Tis
let your troub - - les fade a - way.
known I sec - - ond stand to none

Your Gov - 'nor grand is here to -
In an - y field where fame is

fz

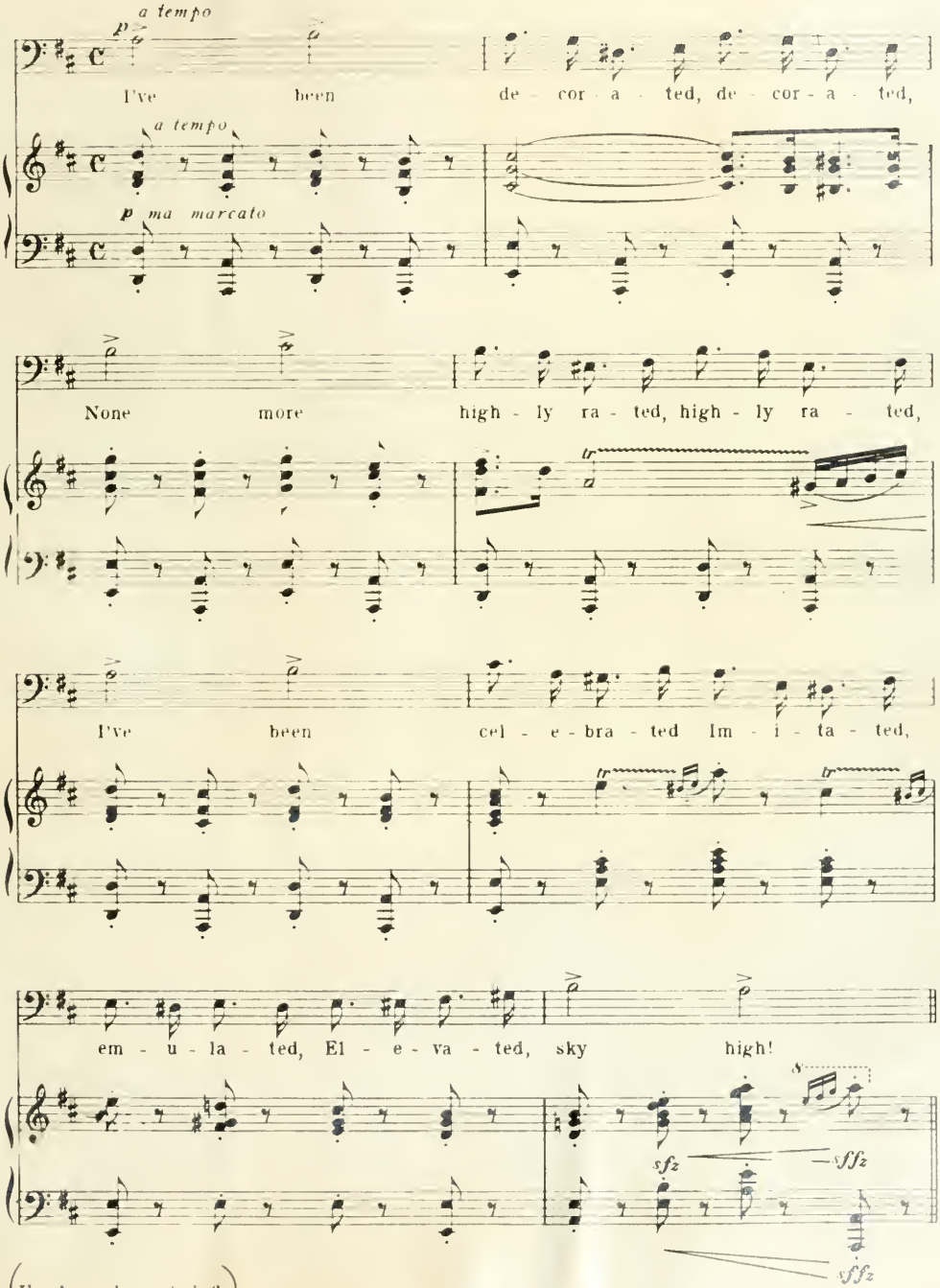
day Would you see that fact ex -
won, If a proof of that you

pressed Kind - ly let your glan - ces rest On the
note, Quick - ly let your glan - ces float O'er the

f *mf* *f* *mf cresc.*

row of med - als that a - dorn my chest.
line of rib - bons that con-ceal my coat.

fz


a tempo
p
I've been de - cor - a - ted, de - cor - a - ted,
a tempo
p ma marcato
None more high - ly ra - ted, high - ly ra - ted,
I've been cel - e - bra - ted Im - i - ta - ted,
em - u - la - ted, El - e - va - ted, sky high!
sfz
sffz
sffz

p

It's been free - ly sta - ted, free - ly sta - ted,

p

In me con - cen - tra - ted, con - cen - tra - ted,

Are re - - in - car - na - ted Cae - sar, Pla - to,

Cy - rus, Ca - to, thence my sta - tion high, that's why!

8va *loco*

ff *ff* *ff* *ff*

I've been decorated.

ff

ALL. It's been free - ly sta - ted, free - ly sta - ted, In him

ff

con - cen - tra - ted, con - cen - tra - ted Are re - in - car - na - ted, Cae - sar, Pla - to,

Cy - rus, Ca - to, Thence his sta - tion high, that's why!

8va

ffz *ffz*

ffz *ffz*

I've been decorated.

№ 5.

You'll feel better then.

Millicent and Female Chorus.

Tempo di Valse Moderato.

f *p*

When hair of gold and eyes of blue Are false to you,
When For - tune frowns and friends once true Bid you a - dieu,

Seek not an end with knife or rope For there is
Leap not from off the riv - er - side In - to the

hope That like cures like do not for -
tide! Don't drown your - self, but kind - ly

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get Go search and seek un - til you've met A girl who's
note That sor - row sim - ply can - not float In things one

just the false one's size, With bright - er hair and blu - er eyes.
may from flag - ons drink, So fill one high and sor - row sink.

Doc - tor Mad - i - son says. Doc - tor Mad - i - son says.
Doc - tor Mad - i - son says. Doc - tor Mad - i - son says.

rit.

rit.

p

You'll feel bet-ter then You'll feel bet-ter then With-

NURSES.

pp

bet-ter then bet-ter then

pp

in an hour a change you'll see and con - val - es - cent you will be if

this is tak - en as we or - der You'll feel bet-ter then

p

pp NURSES.

bet-ter then

pp

You'll feel bet - ter then This rem - e - dy is such a hit that

bet-ter then

pa - tients sim - ply cry for it we guar - an - tee.

fz

NURSES.

You'll feel bet-ter then You'll feel bet-ter then With-

p

in an hour a change you'll see and con-val-es-cent you will be if this is tak-en as we

or - der You'll feel bet-ter then You'll feel bet-ter then This

rem-e-dy is such a hit that patients sim-ply cry for it we guar-an - tee.

sfz *sfz*

The Great White Easiest Way.

Nº 6.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

We're a
We're far

long, long jour - ney from a well made Mar - tin - i, From a
from the jun - gle where the gay young Welsh rare - bits By the

chop and a tax - i - cab. From the plac - es where they roi - ster With the
side of the ale mugs play. From the din - ing and the win - ing Where a

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can - vas back and oy - ster And make mer - ry with the soft shell
mil - lion lights are shin - ing From the twi - light till the break of

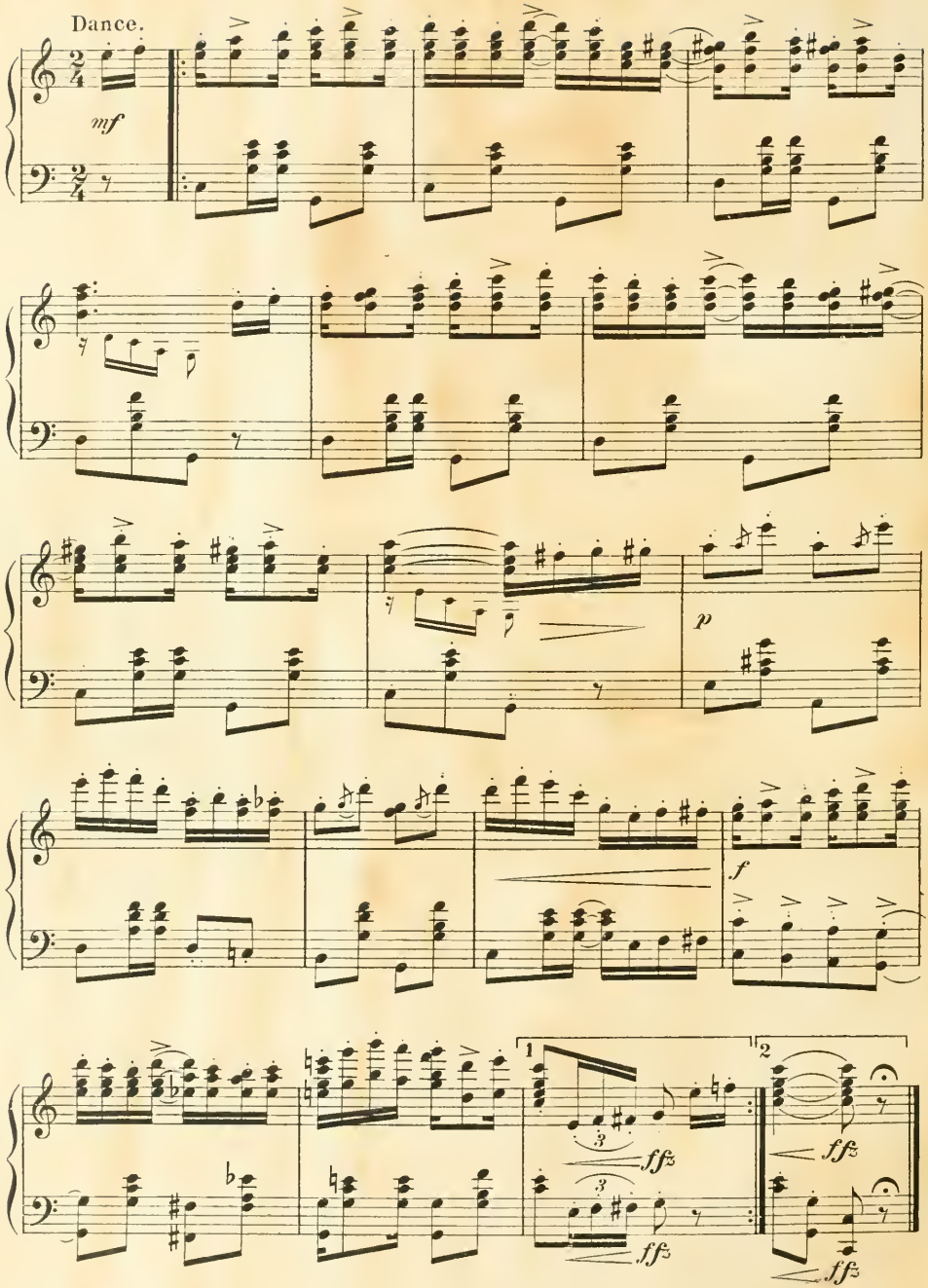
crab! With a deep, deep yearn-ing, all our thoughts are turn-ing To a
day! We in fan - cy wan - der to the streets o'er yon - der, And in

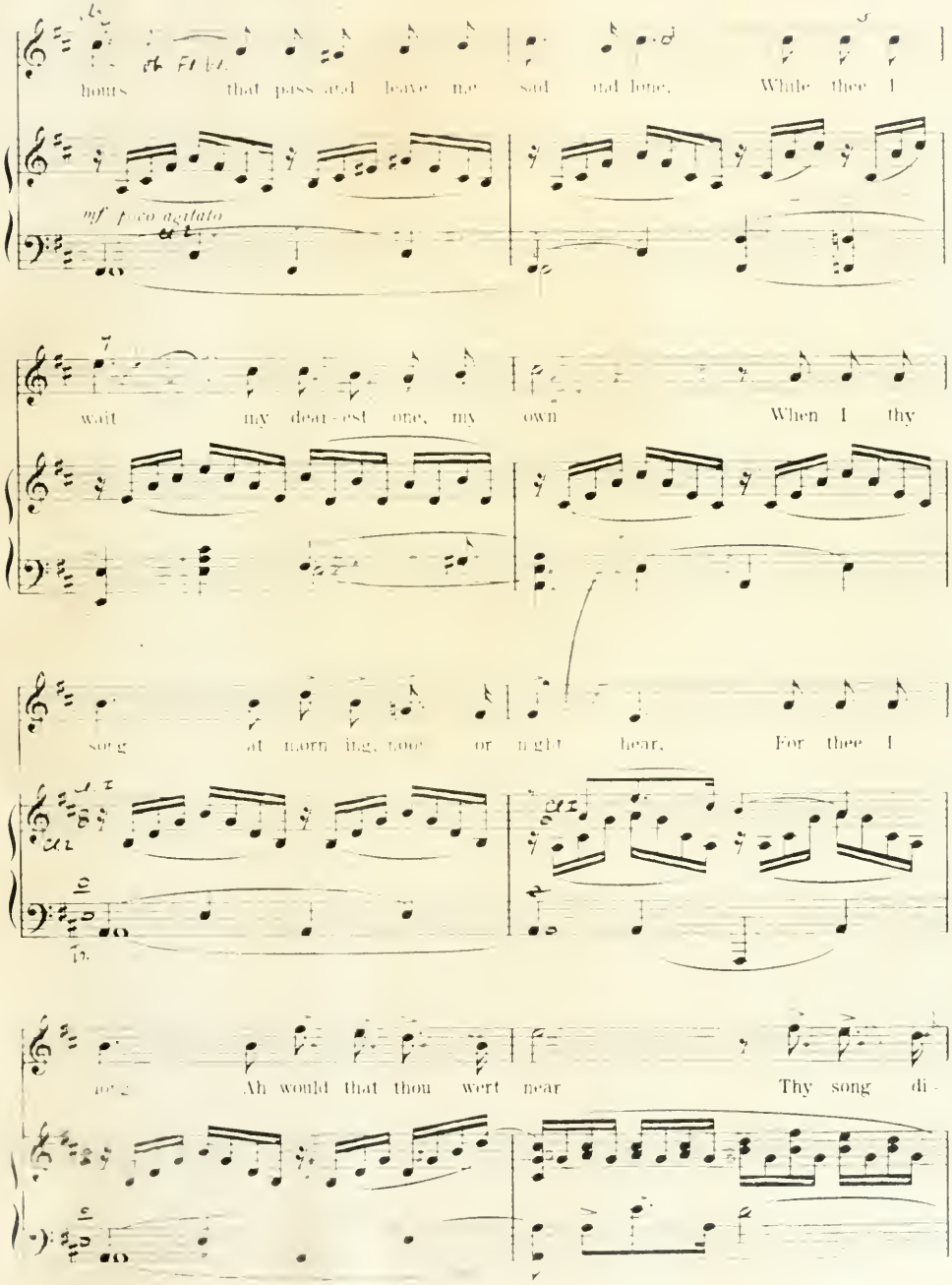
spot a - cross the spray. If they fin - ish us by shoot-ing, Soon our
fan - cy down it stray, As the eve-ning shades are fall - ing We can

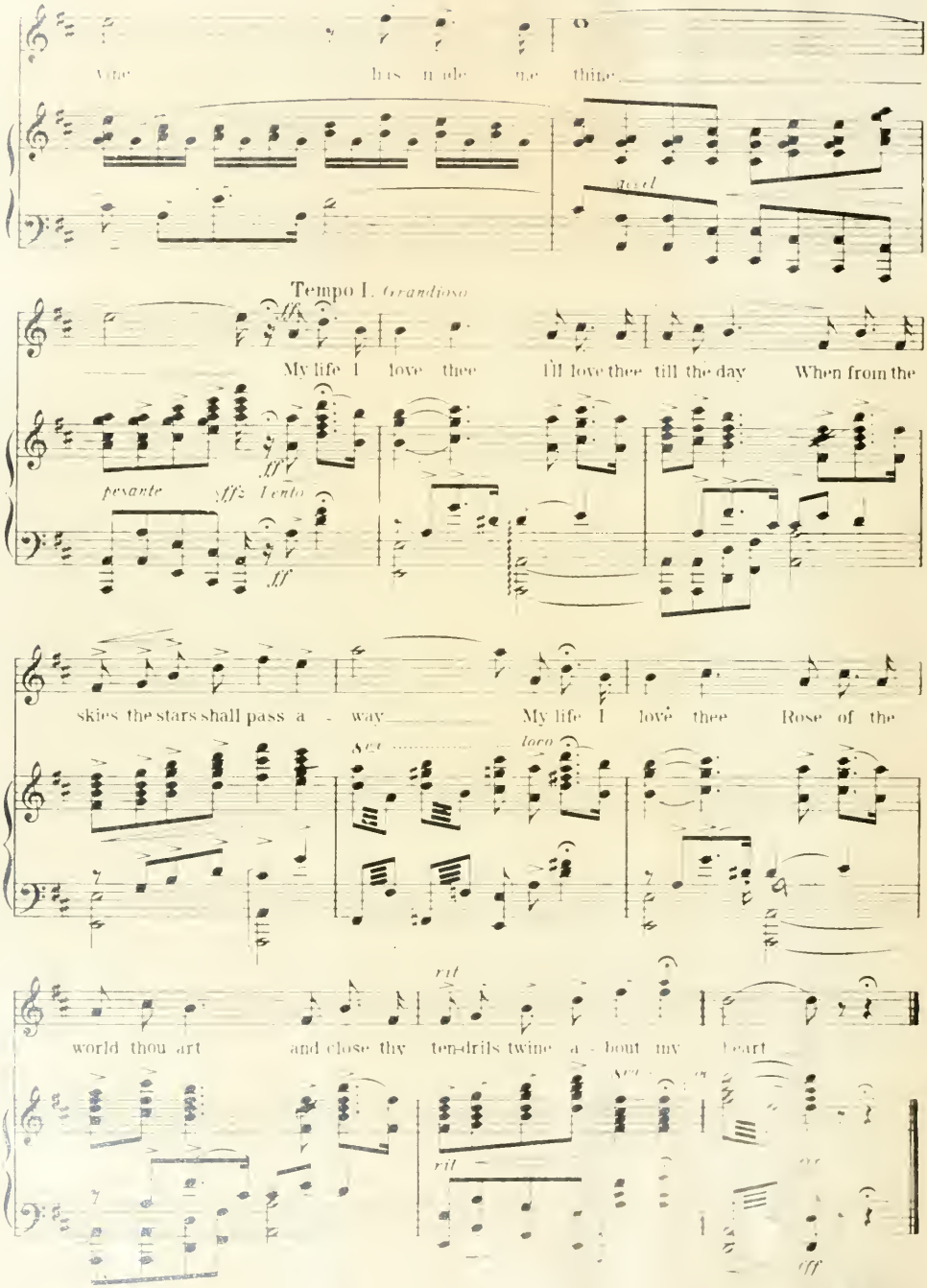
spir - its will be scoot-ing For the Great White Eas - i - est Way!
hear the lob - sters call - ing From the Great White Eas - i - est Way!

ffz

ffz


Dance.
mf
p
f
ffz
ffz
ffz
ffz
1
2
3
3

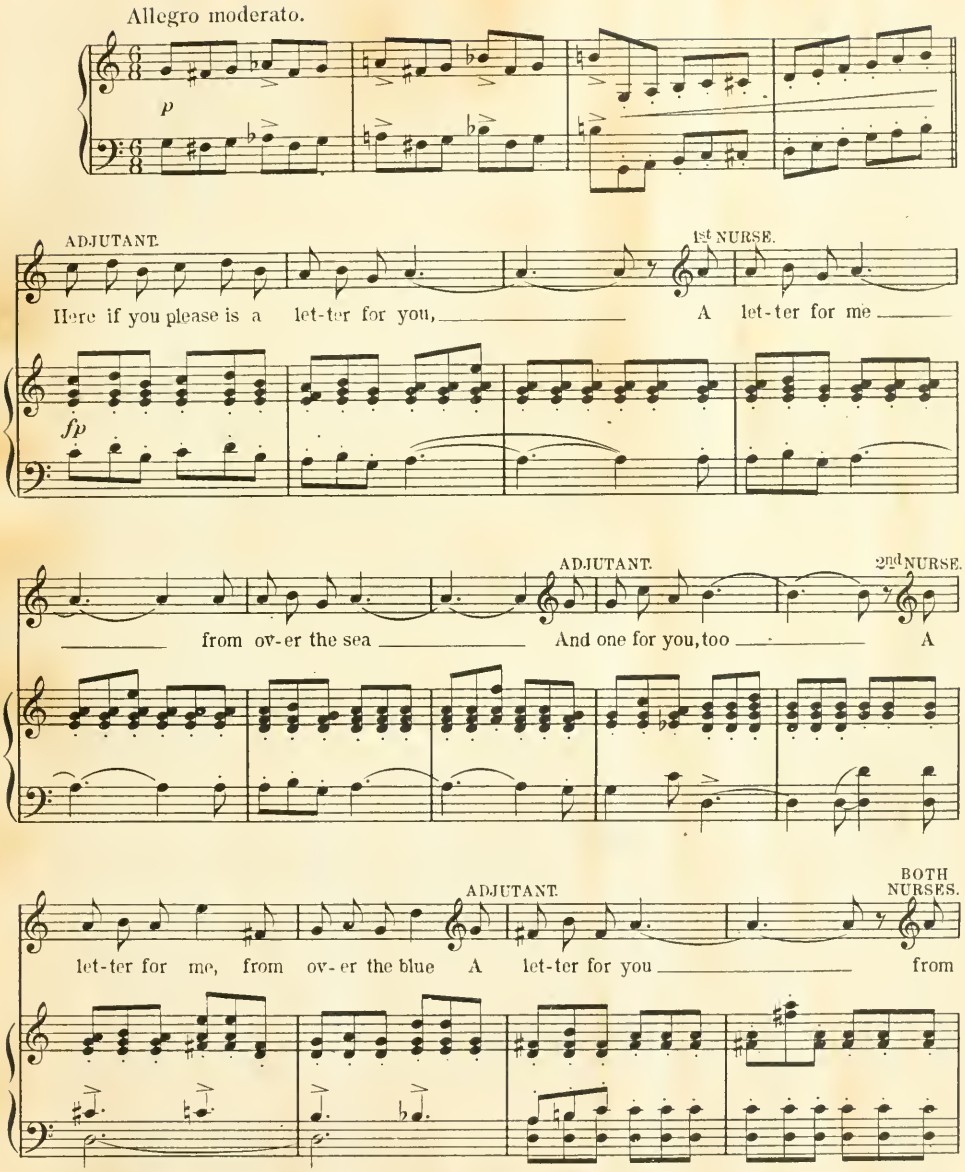

hours that pass and leave me sad and lone, While thee I
mf poco agitato
wait my dear-est one, my own When I thy
song at morn-ing, noon or night hear, For thee I
long Ah would that thou wert near Thy song di-


vine has made me thine
Tempo I. Grandioso
ff
My life I love thee I'll love thee till the day When from the
ff
pesante
sff
Lento
ff
skies the stars shall pass a - way My life I love thee Rose of the
loco
rit
world thou art and close thy ten-drils twine a - bout my heart
rit
ff

Finale.

ACT I.

No 8.



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(other Nurses enter) (ALL NURSES.)

ov-er the blue Oh if you please is there some-thing for me

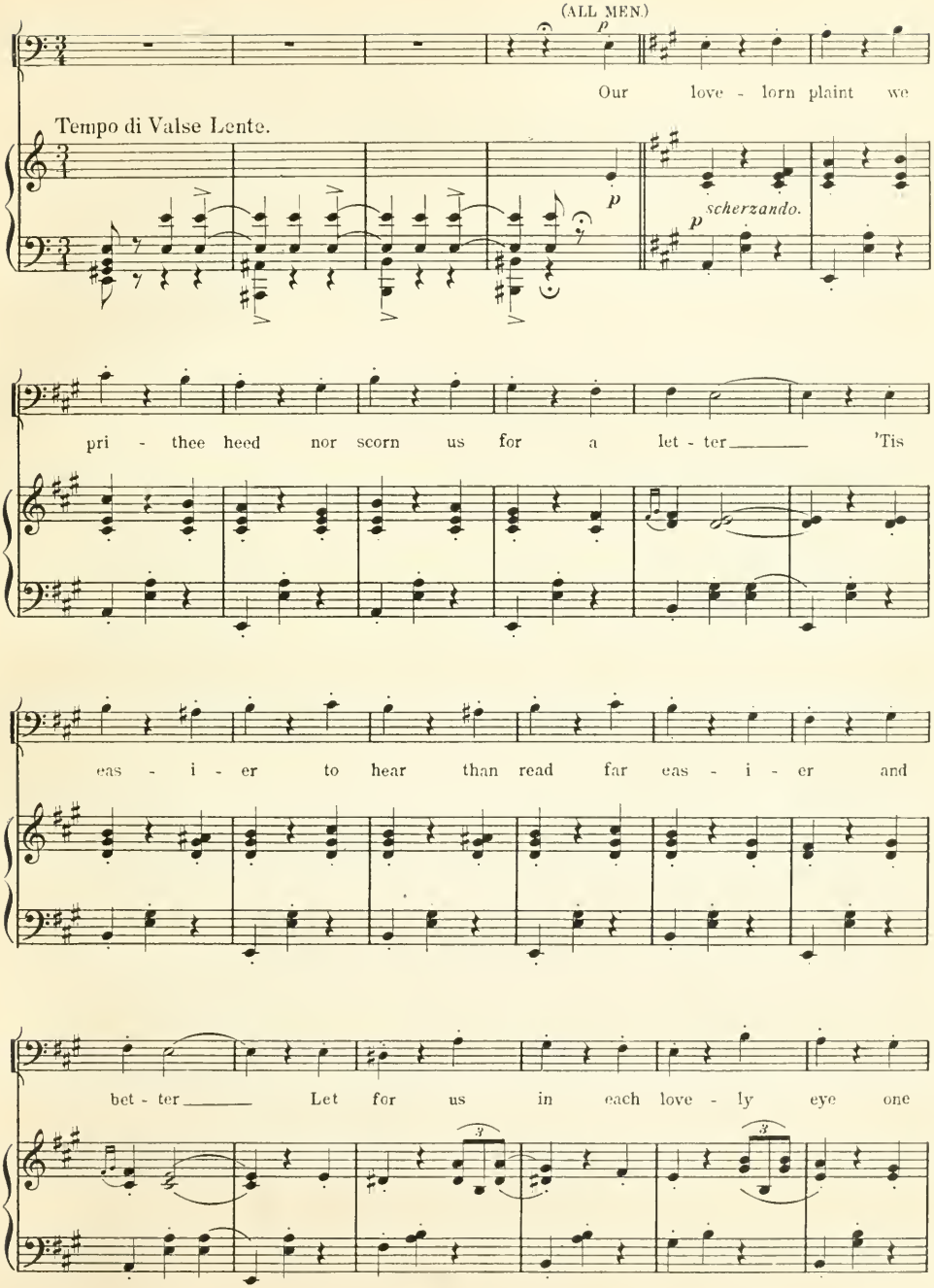
Hur-ry and see joy if there be A mes-sage for me

A let-ter for you from ov-er the blue A let-ter for you from

ov-er the blue.

fp *cresc.* *molto.*

fz *mf* *accel.*


(ALL MEN.)
p
Our love - lorn plaint we
Tempo di Valse Lente.
p
p
scherzando.
pri - thee heed nor scorn us for a let - ter 'Tis
eas - i - er to hear than read far eas - i - er and
bet - ter Let for us in each love - ly eye one

tear of pi - ty glis - ten And while of hope - less

love we sigh be good e - nough to lis - ten.

Poco Meno.

Altos.

What does he say

Sopranos.

What does he

Poco Meno.

Unison.

say He says he loves me, loves me true

That

Please go a -

is quite right I do! I do!

way, but what we

We heard you say

said was not to you so leave us, pray

(Together.)

What does he say What does he

cantando.

say, He says he loves me loves me true that
you you

is quite right I do I do Please go a-
Don't

way We heard you say but

what we said was not to you so leave us
don't

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Allegro moderato.

pray.

sfz

sfz

DE LOME.

f

Close the

cresc. molto.

sfp *p*

sfz

sfp *p* *cresc. molto.*

sffz

gate Lock it fast The de-ser - - ters are free But a-gain Ere the

p

p

night must they pris - - on-ers be.

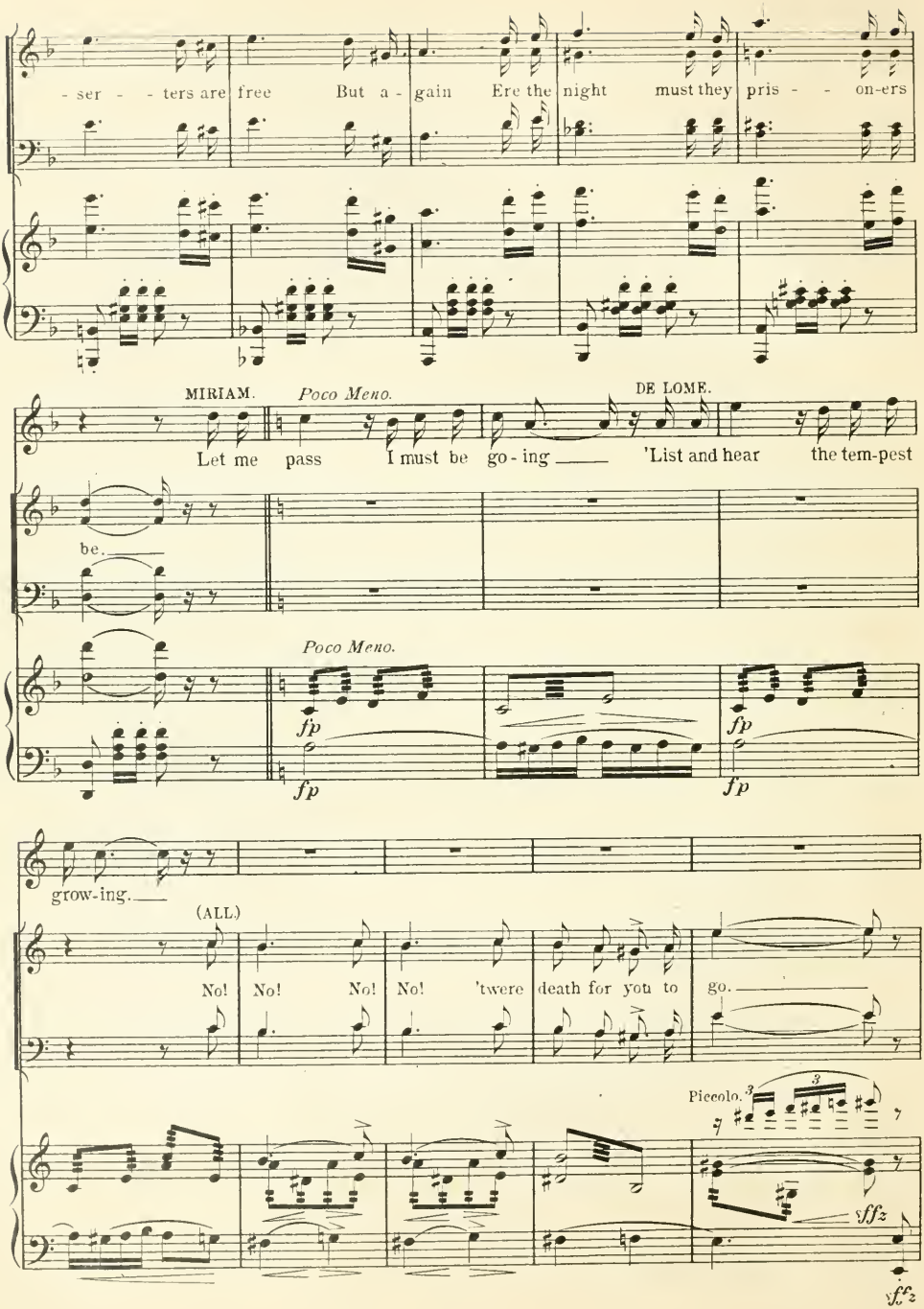
ff (ALL.)

Close the gate, Lock it fast, The de-

ff

ff

ff


- ser - - ters are free But a - gain Ere the night must they pris - - on-ers
MIRIAM.
Poco Meno.
DE LOME.
Let me pass I must be go - ing 'List and hear the tem-pest
be.
Poco Meno.
fp
fp
fp
fp
grow-ing.
(ALL)
No! No! No! No! 'twere death for you to go.
Piccolo.
3
3
sffz
sffz

Molto Agitato.

MIRIAM.

(She kneels.)

Bid them un-lock the gate I beg of thee on bend-ed knee for

soon 'twill be too late, from an un-hap-py fate I go to save a

com - rade brave let me no long - er wait.

(ALL.)

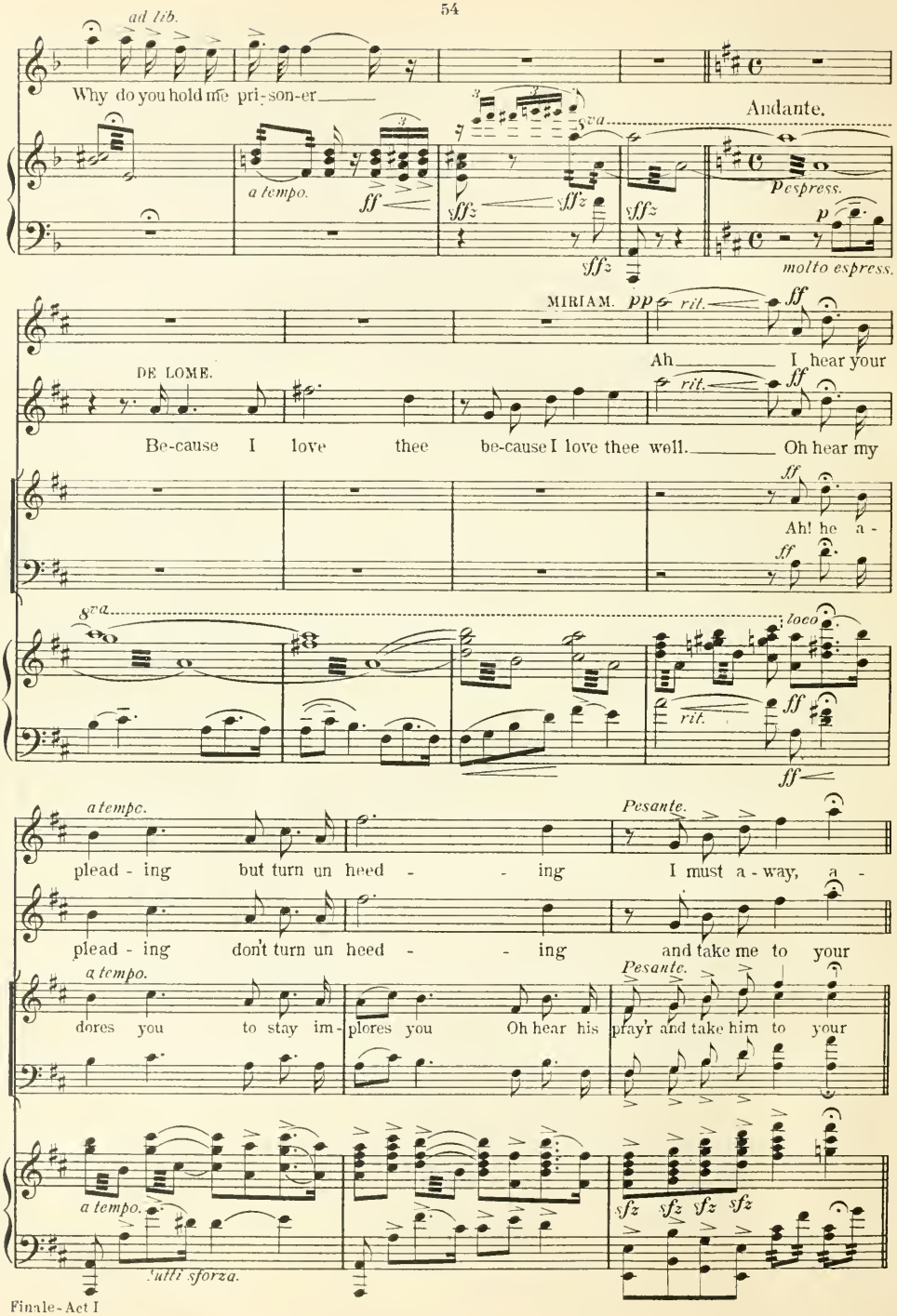
No! No! No!

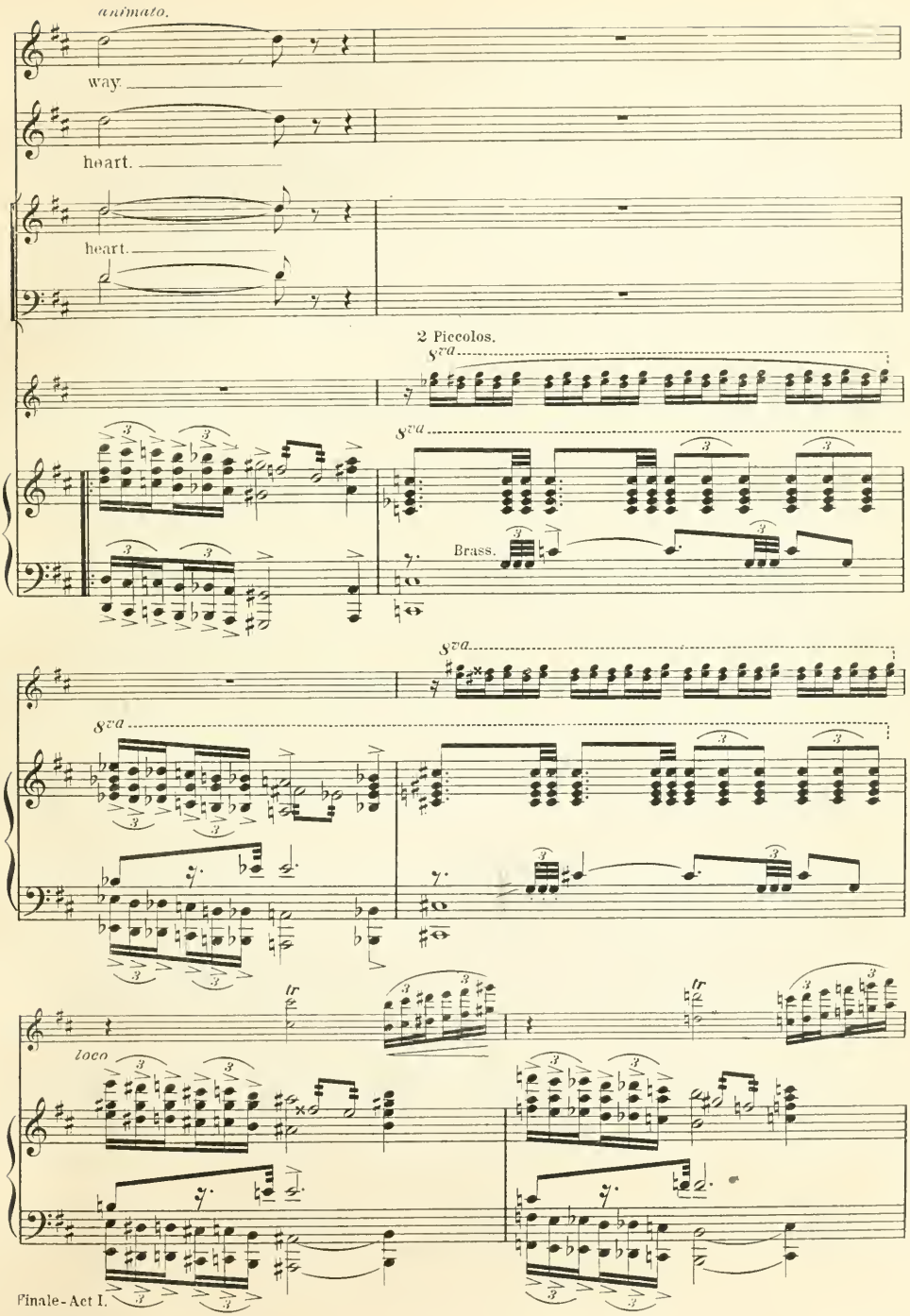
Very dramatically.

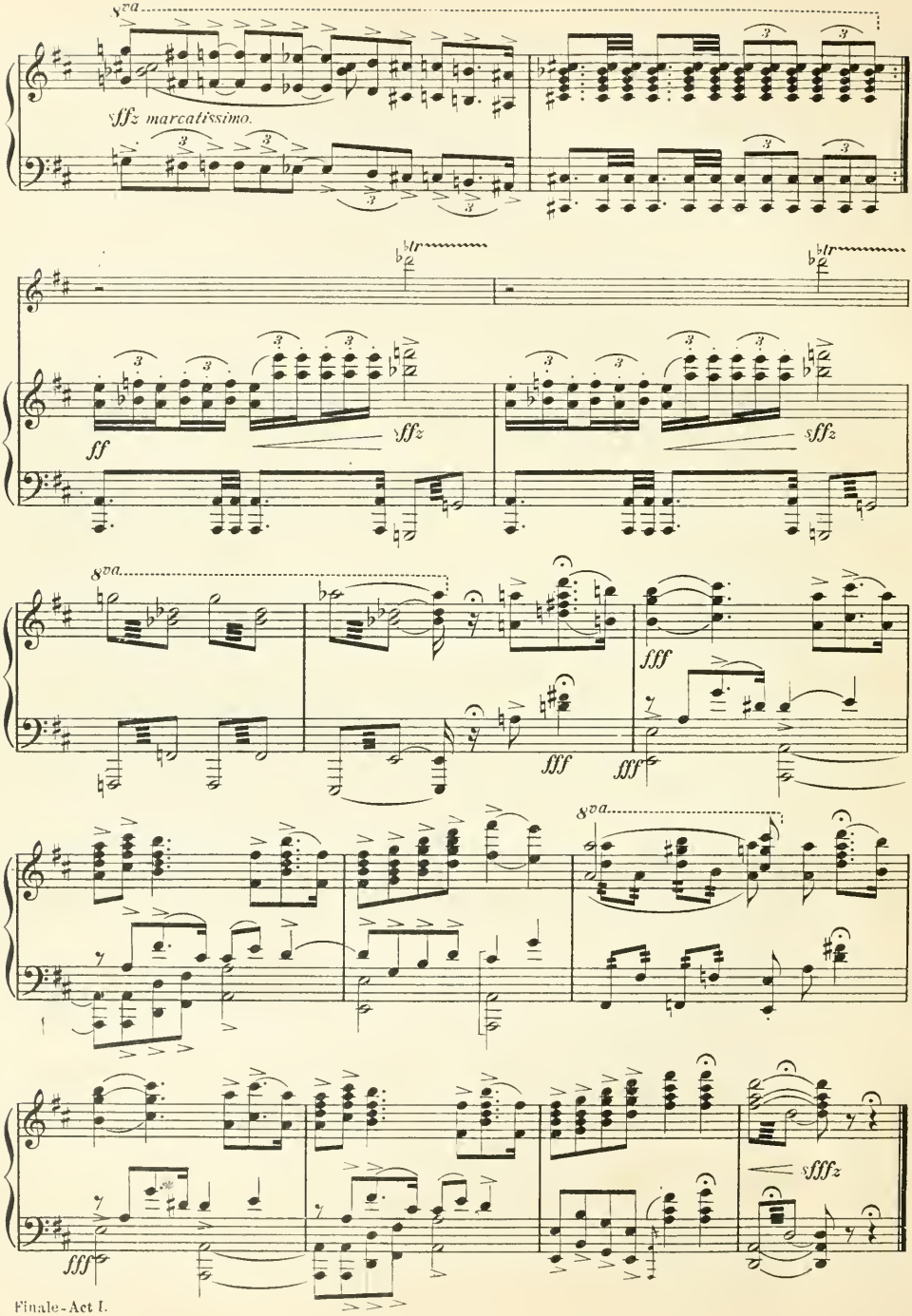
I'll go I say

No! 'twere death for you to go.

colla voce


ad lib.
Why do you hold me pri-son-er
Andante.
a tempo.
ff
sffz
sva
espress.
p
molto espress.
MIRIAM.
pp
rit.
ff
Ah I hear your
DE LOME.
Be-cause I love thee be-cause I love thee well. Oh hear my
Ah! he a-
8va
loco
a tempo.
Pesante.
plead - ing but turn un heed - - ing I must a - way, a -
plead - ing don't turn un heed - - ing and take me to your
dores you to stay im - plores you Oh hear his pray'r and take him to your
sfz
tutti sforza.

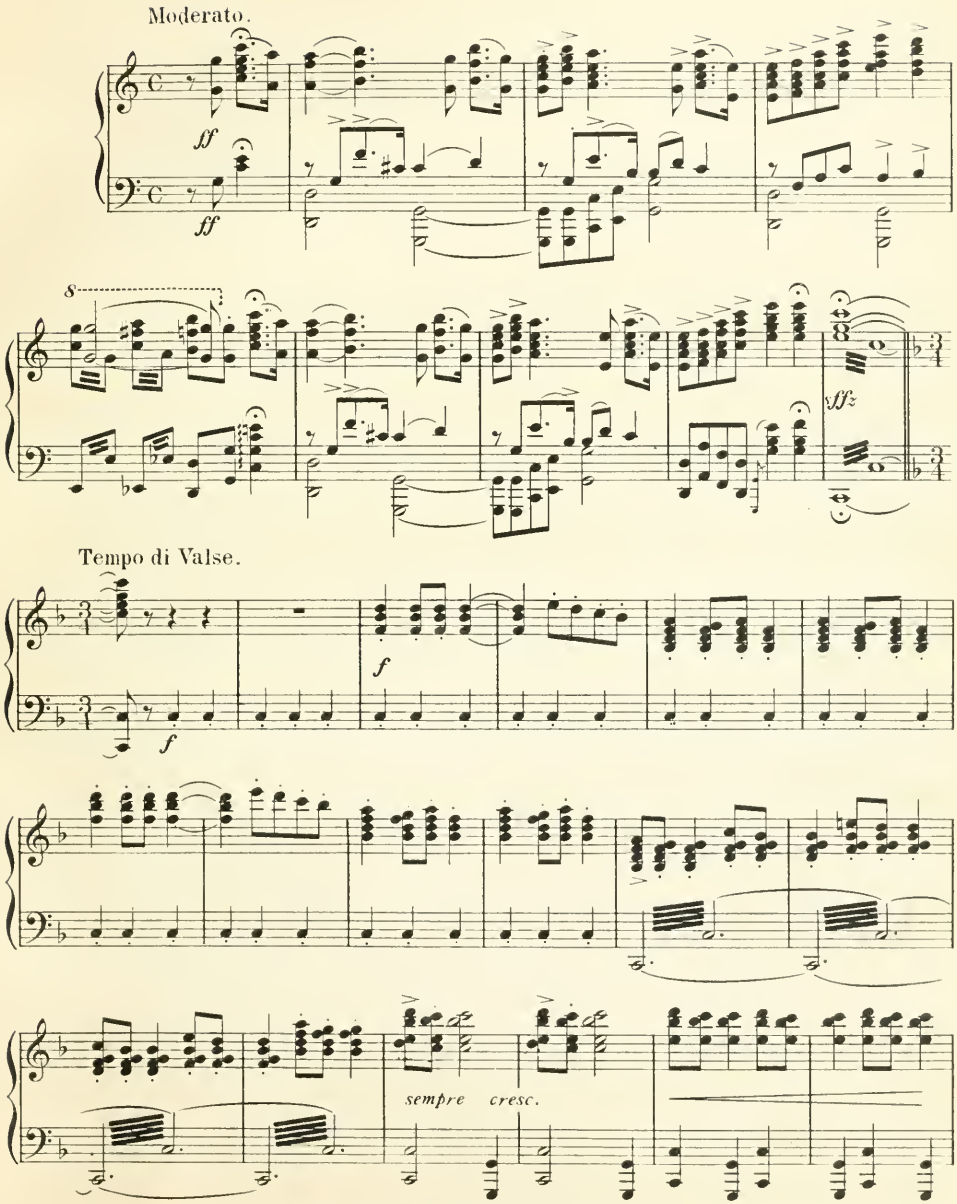

animato.
way.
heart.
heart.
2 Piccolos.
8va
8va
Brass.
8va
8va
tr
tr
loco


8va
sffz marcatissimo.
tr
ff
sffz
8va
fff
8va
sffz

ACT II.

Nº 9.

Opening Chorus.



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CHORUS. (1st Group)

Mar-di Gras from a -

ff *sffz* *sffz* *f a tempo brillante*

far To this court we have brought in Al - giers 'tis a cus - tom that's

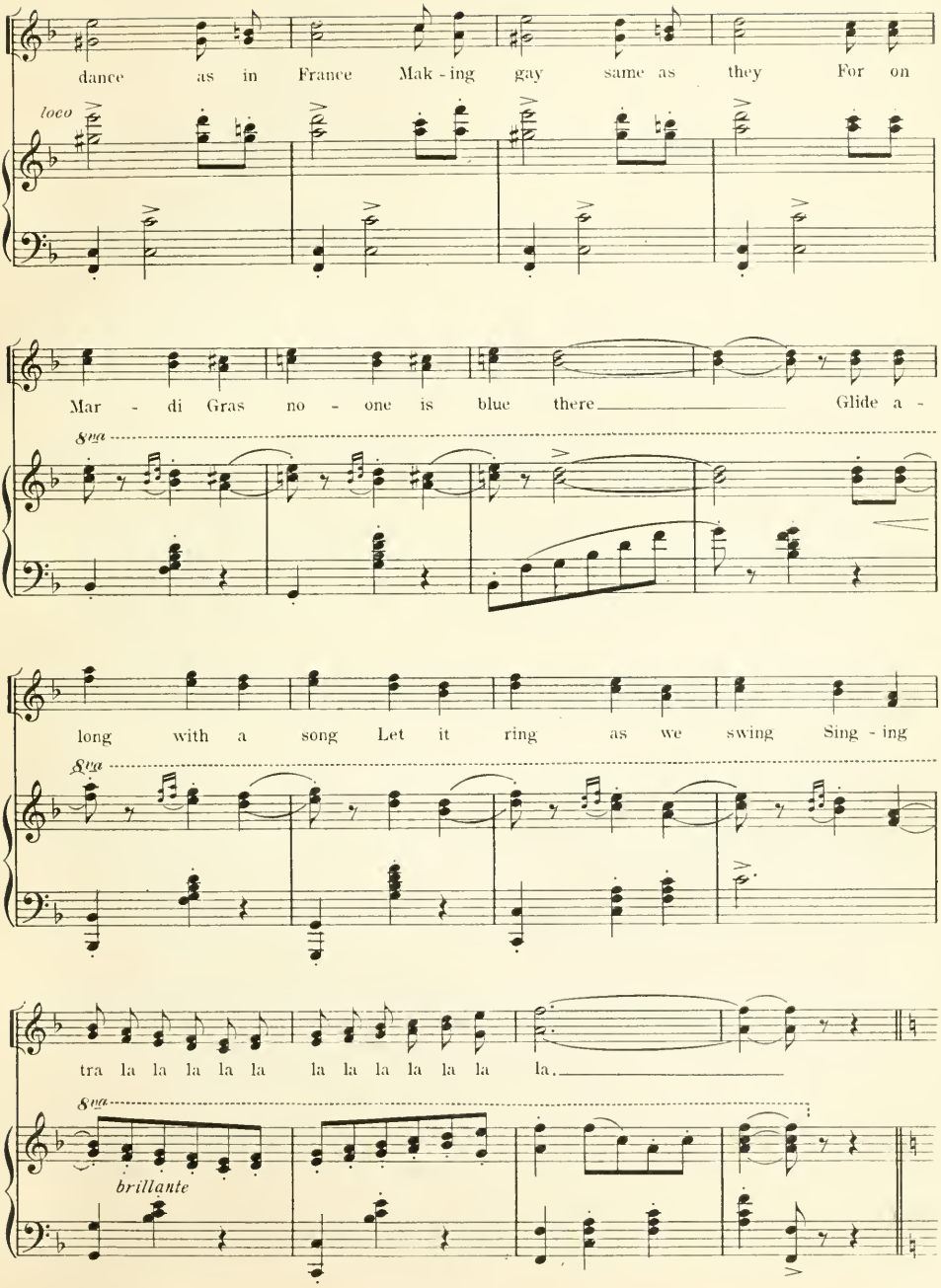
8va

new there All are we from Par - ee So to - day in a

8va

way We will do just the same as they do there We will

8va *sffz*


dance as in France Mak - ing gay same as they For on
loco
Mar - di Gras no - one is blue there Glide a -
8va
long with a song Let it ring as we swing Sing - ing
8va
tra la la la la la la la la la la la la.
8va
brillante

ALTOS. (2nd Group)

Hail, Mar - di Gras — Hail the gay - est day of the year Day of the year

loco

f

Till it be done — Slaves of Fol - ly all are we here All are we here

Wor - ry and care — Till the mor - row dare not ap - pear Dare not ap - pear

Ban - ished are they — Pleas - ure holds full sway! — Ah ah ah

ah ah ah ah ah ah Hail! Mar-di Gras — Hail the gay-est day of the year

Day of the year Till it be done — Slaves of Fol-ly all are we here All are we here

Wor - ry and care — Till the mor-row dare not ap-pear Dare not ap-pear

ff (Both Groups) *ff*

Ban-ished all are they and pleas-ure ev-er shall hold sway. — Mar-di

ff brillante *cresc.* *ff*

Gras from a - far to a this court we have brought In Al -

ff

giers 'tis a cus - tom that's new there _____ All are

8va

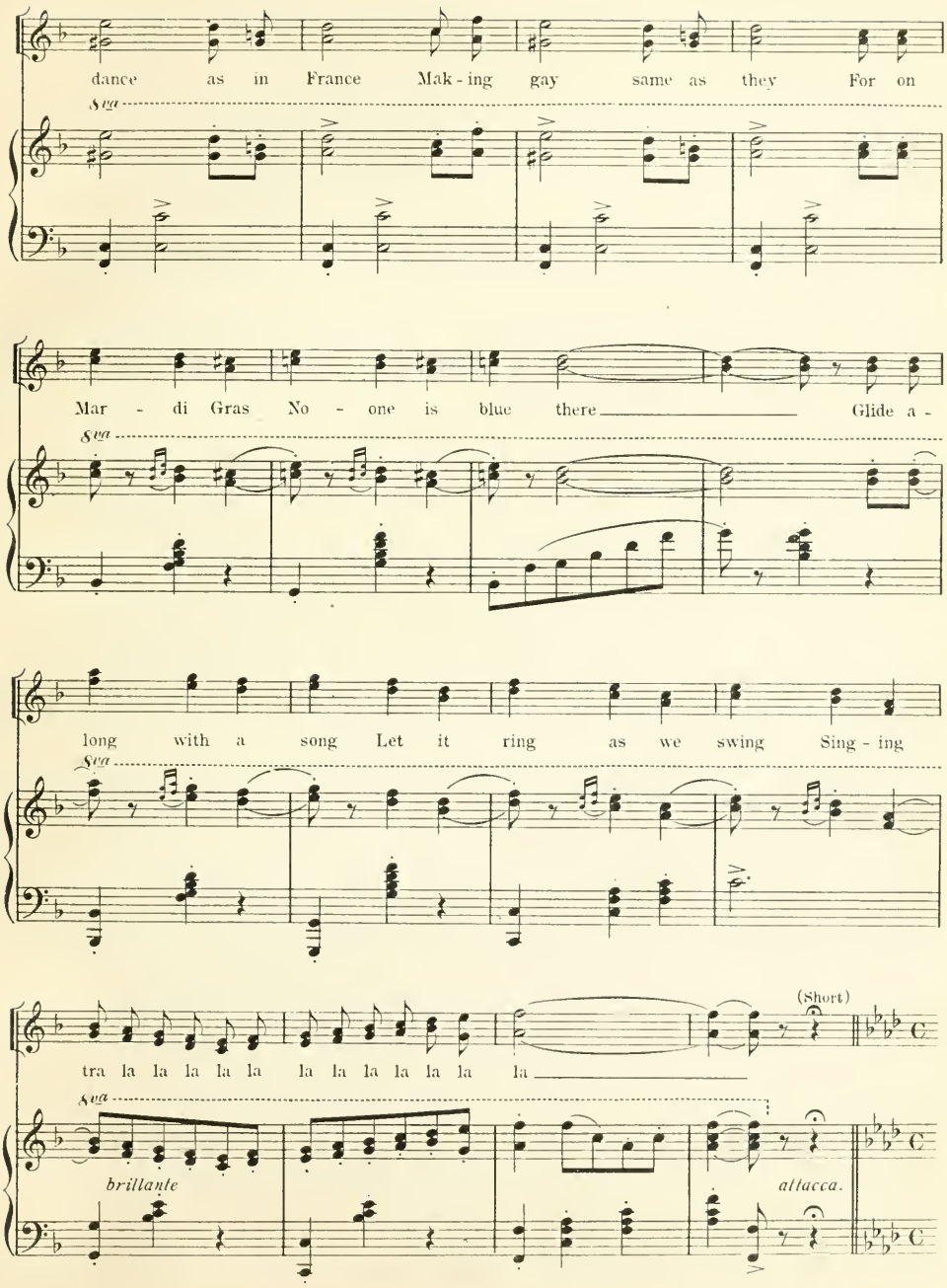
we from Pa - ree So to - day in a way We will

8va

f

do just the same as they do there _____ We will

8va


dance as in France Mak - ing gay same as they For on
8va
Mar - di Gras No - one is blue there Glide a -
8va
long with a song Let it ring as we swing Sing - ing
8va
tra la la la la la la la la la la la la
(Short)
8va
brillante
attacca.

Tempo di Marcia.

fpp

f

CHORUS.

ff

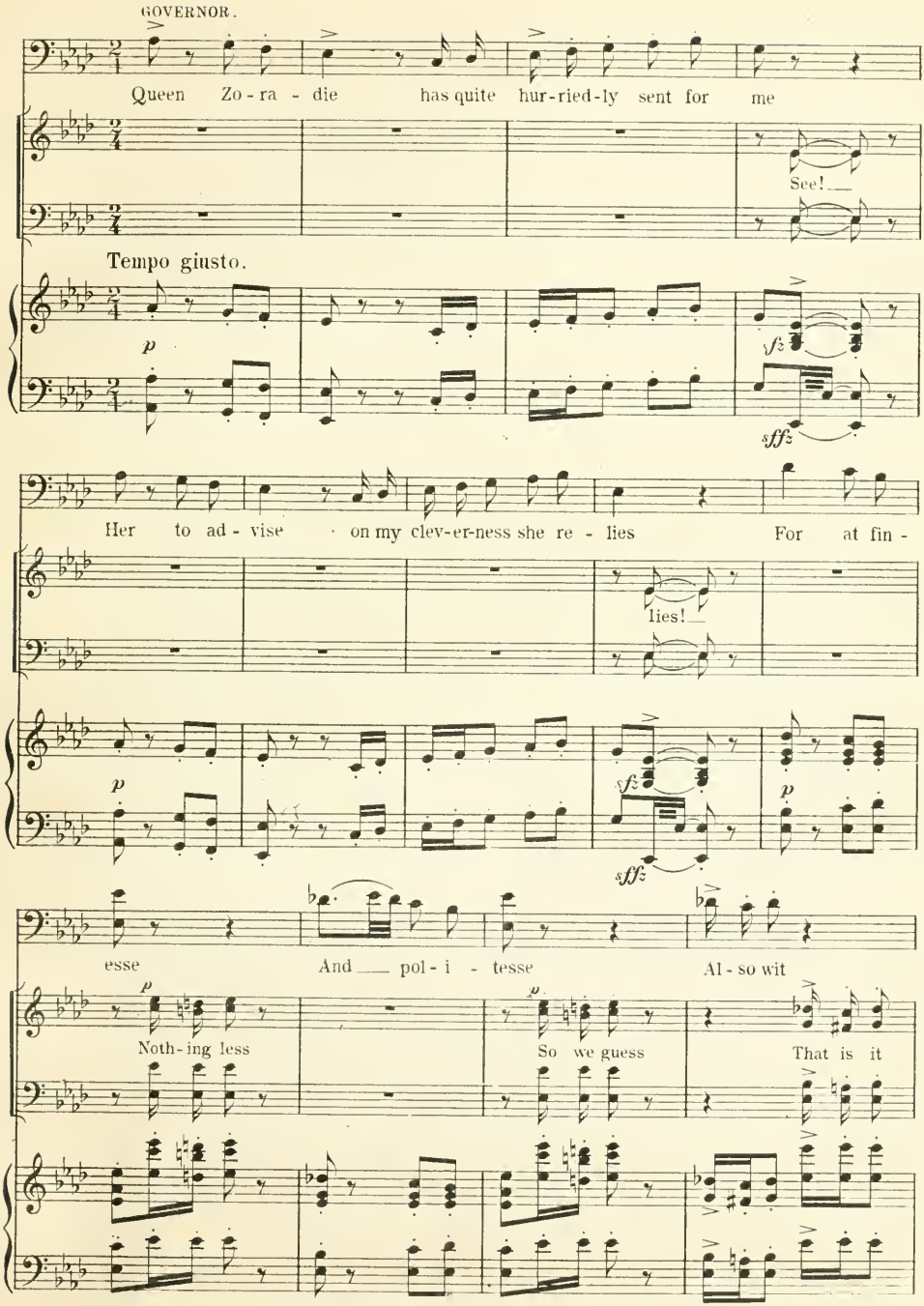
Hal - lo! Hal-lo! Hal - lo!

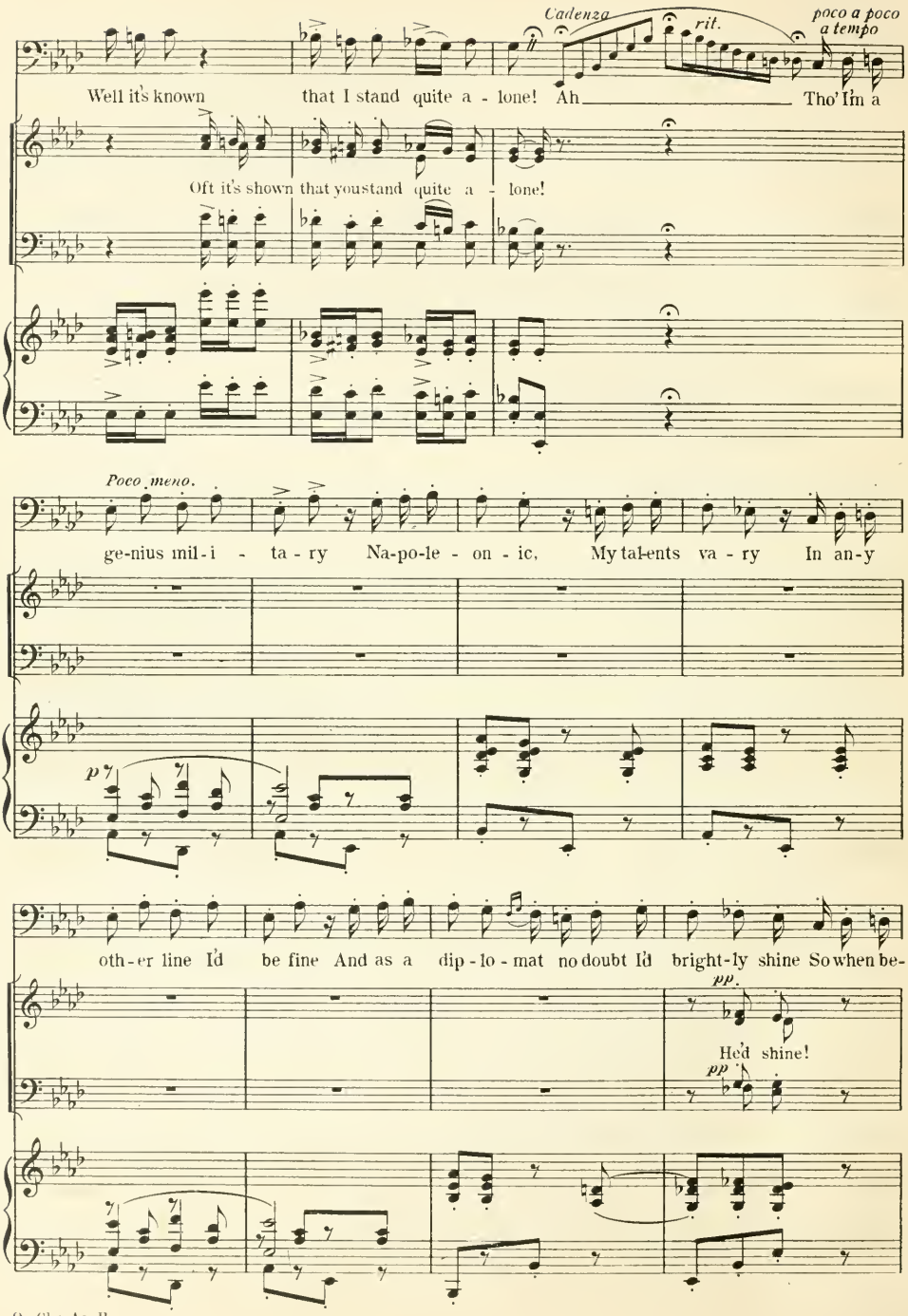
ff

Hal - lo! Hal-lo! Hal - lo!

fff lunga

ffz


GOVERNOR.
Queen Zo - ra - die has quite hur-ried-ly sent for me
See!
Tempo giusto.
p
sfz
sffz
Her to ad - vise on my clev-er-ness she re - lies For at fin -
lies!
p
sfz
sffz
p
esse And pol - i - tesse Al - so wit
p
Noth-ing less
p
So we guess
That is it


Cadenza
rit.
poco a poco a tempo
Well it's known that I stand quite a - lone! Ah Tho' I'm a
Oft it's shown that you stand quite a - lone!
Poco meno.
ge-nius mil-i - ta-ry Na-po-le - on - ic, My tal-ents va - ry In an-y
p
oth-er line I'd be fine And as a dip-lo-mat no doubt I'd bright-ly shine So when be-
pp
He'd shine!
pp

set by doubt or wor - ry The Queen for me sends and bids me hur - ry For with such

tact I act what e'er the trouble be 'tis end-ed by a word from me.

rit.

f

Tho' he's a

rit.

a tempo

ge-nius mil - i - ta - ry Na - po - le - on - ic his tal-ents va - ry In an - y

f

sfz

sfz

oth - er line he'd be fine_ And as a dip - lo - mat no doubt he'd bright - ly shine, So when be -

set by doubt or wor - ry_ The Queen for him sends, and bids him hur - ry And with such

tact he acts he soon the trou-ble mends for with a word from him it

poco rit.

8va

ff

Tempo I.

ends. Mar-di Gras from a - far to this court we have

Mar-di Gras from a - far to this court

Tempo I.

ff a tempo *ff*

brought in Al - giers 'tis a cus - tom that's new there Glide a -

we have brought 'tis a cus - tom that's new there

8va

long with a song Let it ring as we swing Sing-ing tra la la la la la

Glide a - long with a song Sing-ing tra la la la

8va

accel

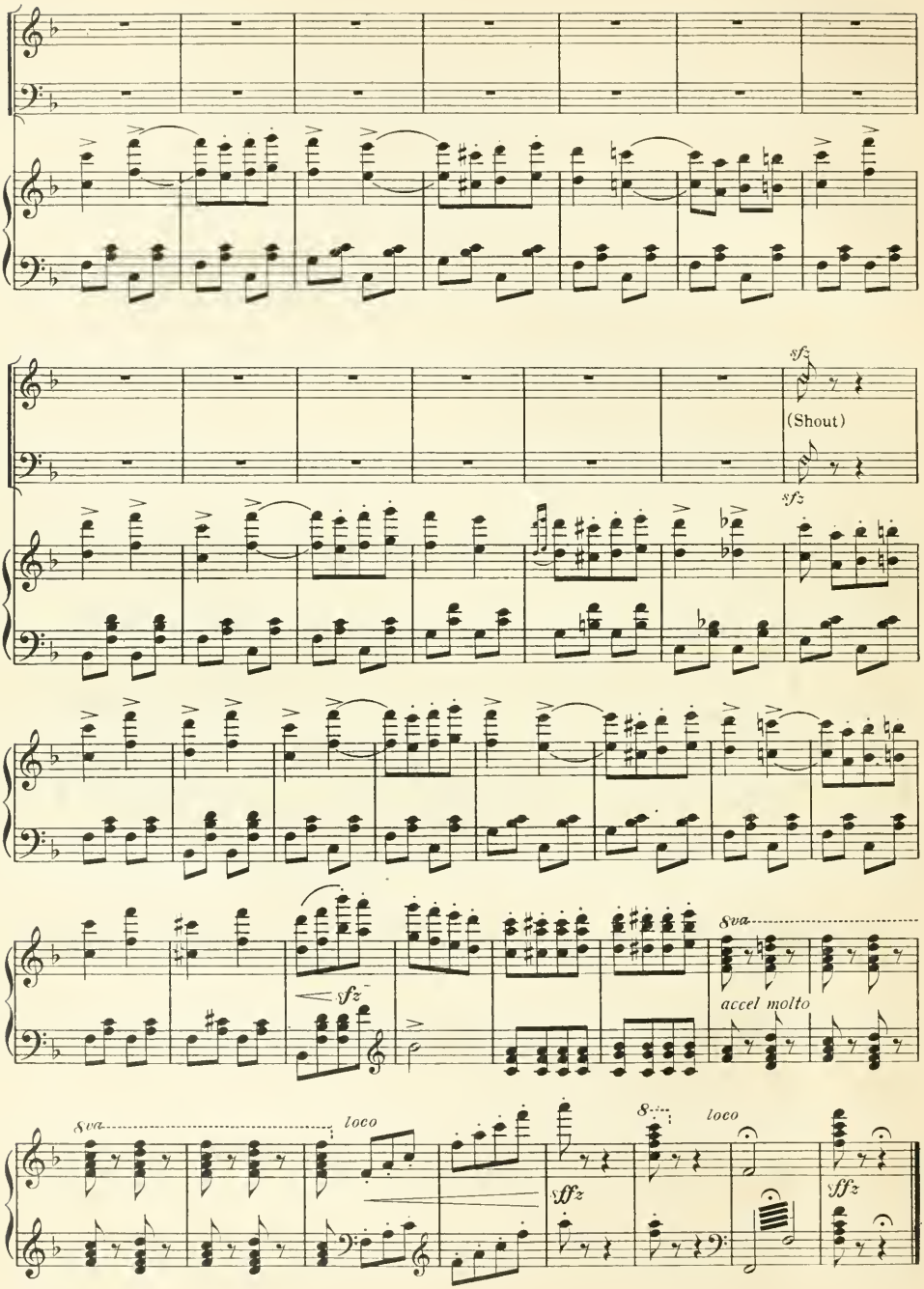
la la la la la la la.

la la la la la la la.

All° molto. (Can Can) General Dance.

Allegro molto. (Can Can)

8va *accel* *loco* *p* *sempre* *cresc al Fine*


sfz
(Shout)
sfz
sfz
8va
accel molto
8va
loco
ffz
8
loco
ffz

No. 10.

Love is like a Cigarette.

De Lome and Male Chorus.

Moderato grazioso.

DE LOME.

My ci - gar - ette, Sweet
My ci - gar - ette, Thou

mf *p* *p*

so-lace bring to me! Thy mys - tic mists Are filled with fan-ta-sy In thee I hold A
art a mag - ic key Un - to the lock That pris - ons mem-o-ry! A touch from thee Will

rit.

nec - ro-man-cers wand, From lead - en care 'Twill sev - er ev - 'ry bond. Thy
o - pen wide the door, And ghosts re-lease Of days that are no more. Be -

rit.

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in-cense mounts In swirl-ing curves a-bove, And as I
-witch-ing shades! Each sad-ly smiles at me, With each I

dream My fan-cy turns to Love!
swore To love e-ter-nal-ly!

rit.

rit.

(He rolls a cigarette.)

Poco Meno Mosso.

Love is like a ci-gar-ette (A ci-gar-ette may last as long.)

8va

molto delicato.

Love is like a cigarette.

Light-ed at a heart a-flame For a time it's fire is

strong. Fra-grant clouds then from us veil Ev-'ry

sor - row, ev - 'ry doubt, Till we wake at -

rit.

a tempo. *rit.* *a tempo.*

last to find That our ci-gar-ette is out.

p *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

Love is like a cigarette.

DE LOME.

Love is like a ci - gar - ette (A ci - gar - ette may last as

pp TENORS.

Love is like a ci - gar - ette (A ci - gar - ette may last as

BASSES.

pp

8va

pp

long.) Light - ed at a heart a - flame For a

long.) Light - ed at a heart a - flame For a

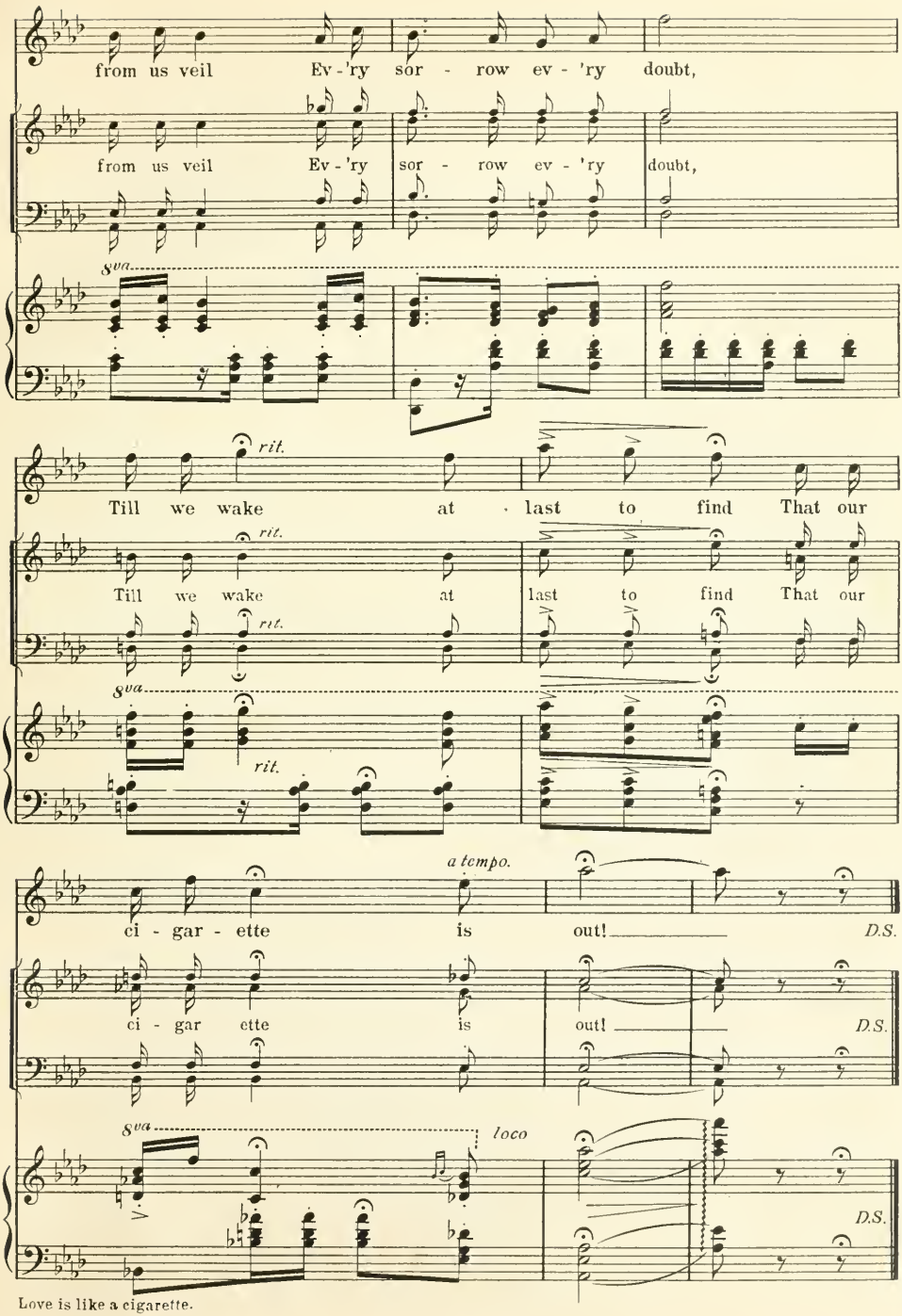
8va

time it's fire is strong. Fra - grant clouds then

time it's fire is strong. Fra - grant clouds then

8va

Love is like a cigarette.



Love is like a cigarette.

№ 11.

Ask Her While The Band Is Playing.

Millicent and Female Chorus.

Moderato.

f *accel.* *sfz* *sfz* *sf* *p a tempo*

If you a - dore a fros - ty maid And are a - fraid Your love to speak, If when you meet your own - est girl Your sens - es whirl, Your knees grow weak, This is I

If with your spe - cial pre - cious pet You've chanced to get In - to a spat, Then for a week of dark dis - tress You've failed to guess, Where you are at, If woe and

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Only One Of Anything.

No. 12.

Governor General.

Commodo.

Some know when they are
I met a dain - ty

hap - py, lad, And some when they're con - tent In
charm - er once And all in black was she A

learn - ing arts and sci - en - ces The lives of some are
sim - ple tim - id lit - tle elf Who won my sym - pa -

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spent Though know-ledge has ten thous-and forms Pray
-thy My heart and for-tune fol-lowed fast Soon

note this on your cuff The hard-est thing to
sor-ry was my plight And now I know a

rit. *poco rit.*

know my lad, Is when you've got e-nough!
thing or two, A-bout the wid-ows might!

poco rit.

rit.

a tempo

On-ly one of an-y-thing is quite e-nough for me,
On-ly one of an-y-thing is quite e-nough for me,

a tempo

pp Molto delicato e grazioso

On - ly one of an - y - thing is a suf - fi - cien - -
On - ly one of an - y - thing is a suf - fi - cien - -

cy. With a mil - lion dol-lars I could
cy. When I see a wid-ow I pro -

p

have a bit of fun, Not two or three, They'd
ceed at once to run, I've nev - er met, The

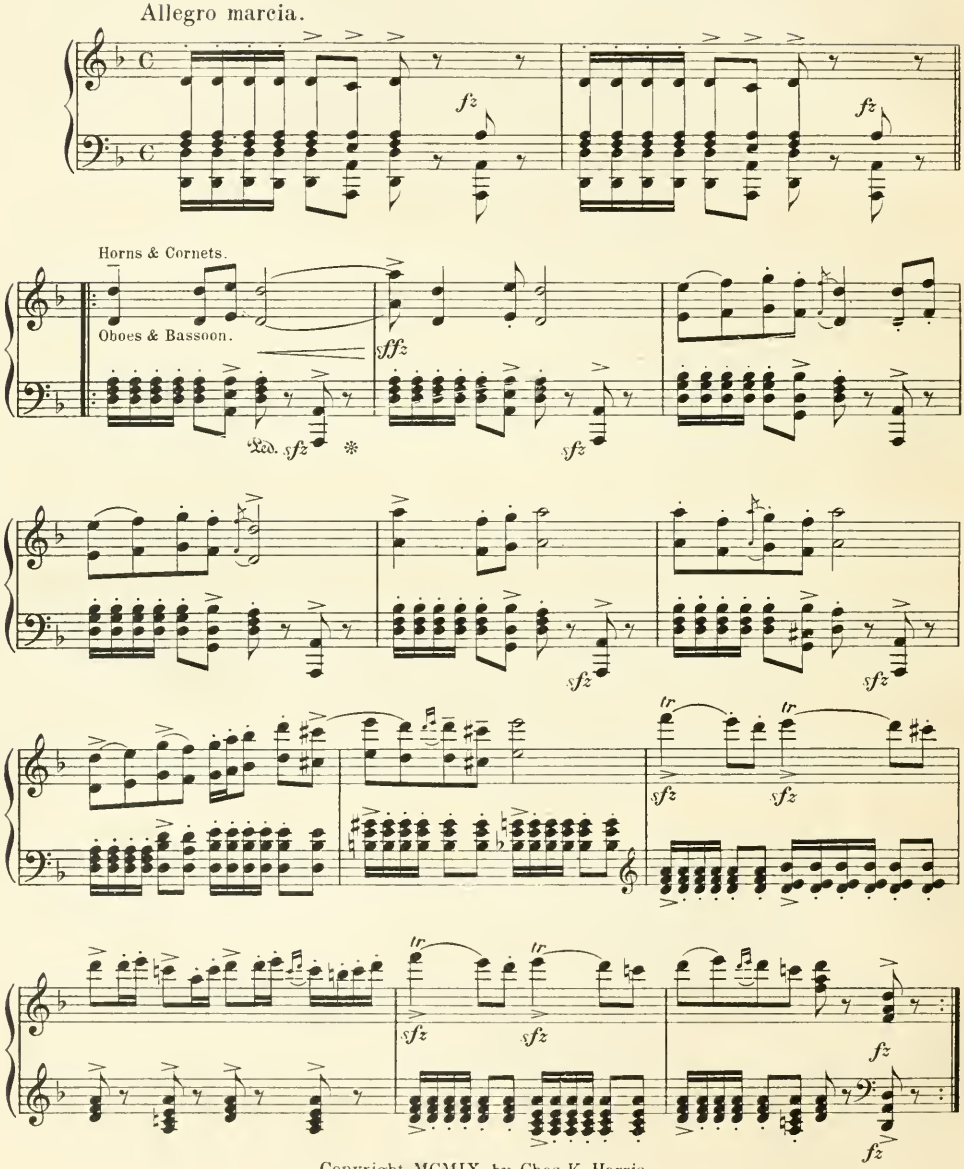
poco rit. *rit.* *a tempo*

wor - ry me, On - ly one, Just one.
sec - ond yet, On - ly one, Just one.

pp *loco*

poco rit. *rit.* *molto rit.* *a tempo*

Nº 13. Entrance of Sultana.



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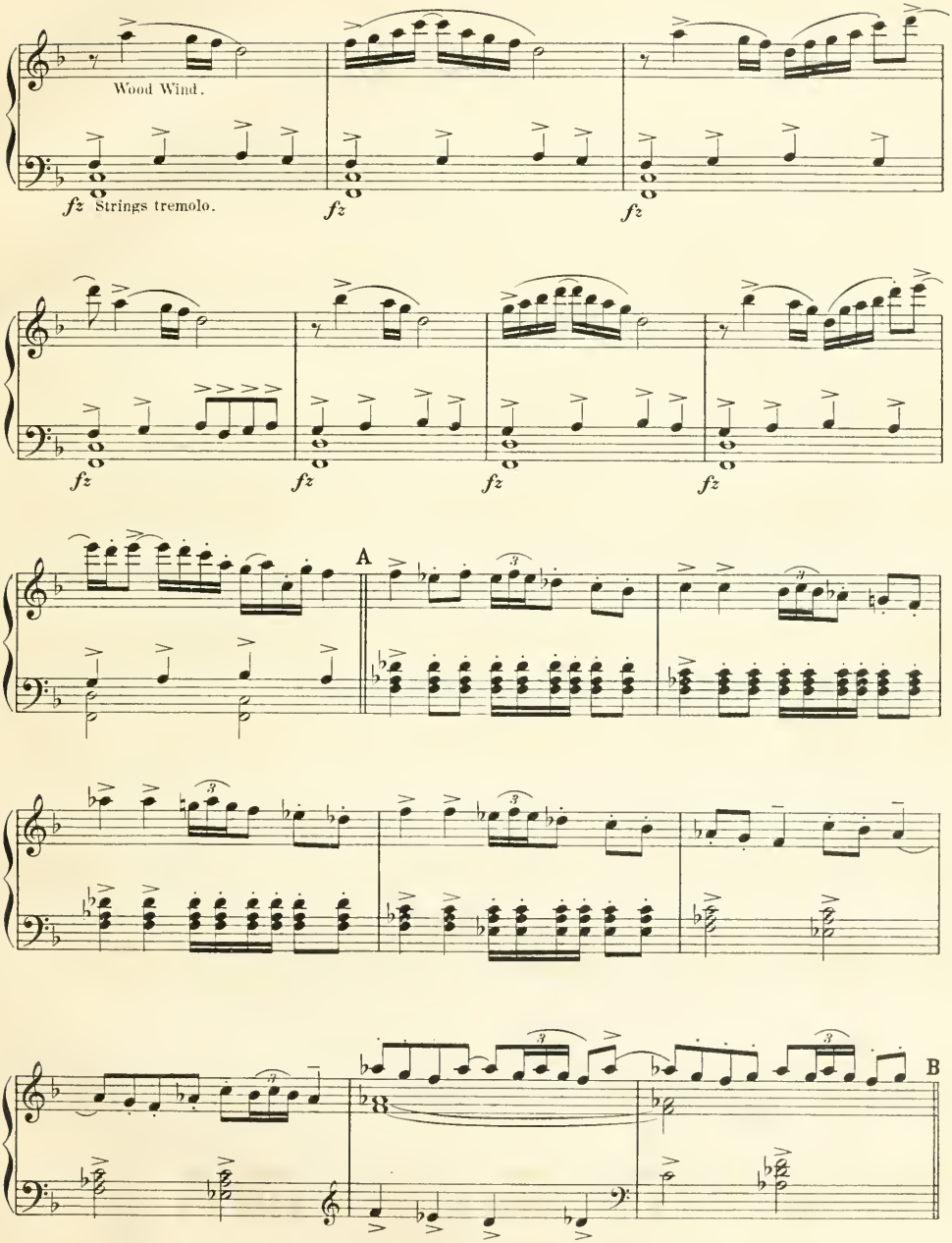
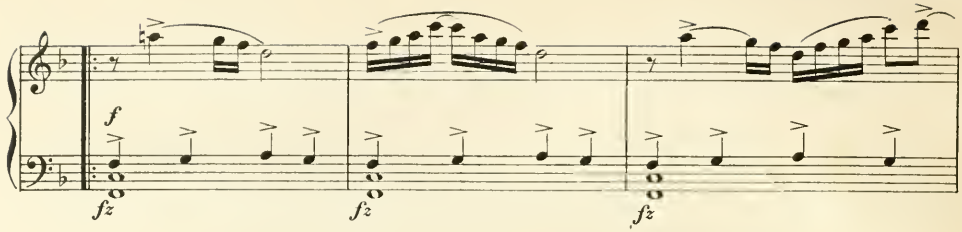
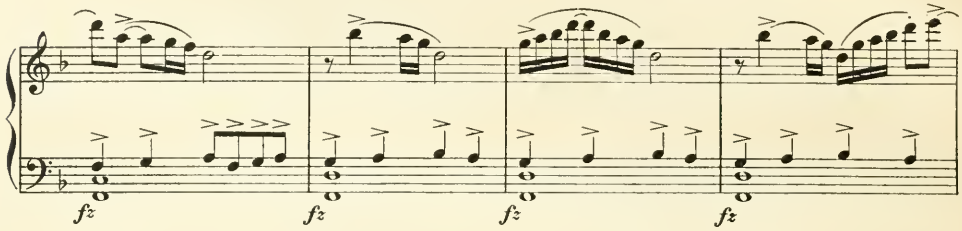
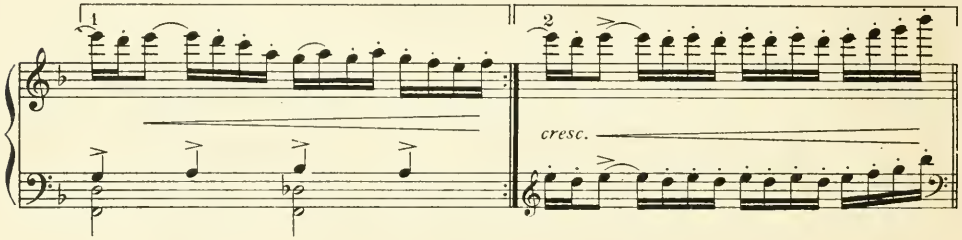
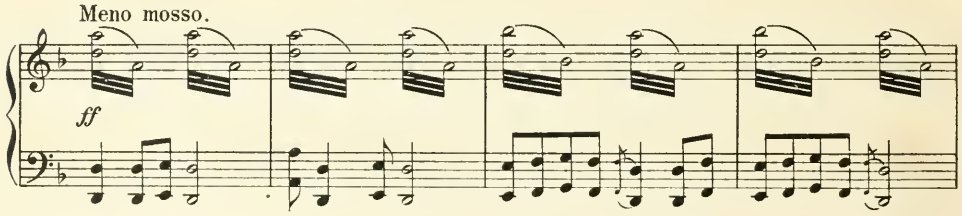
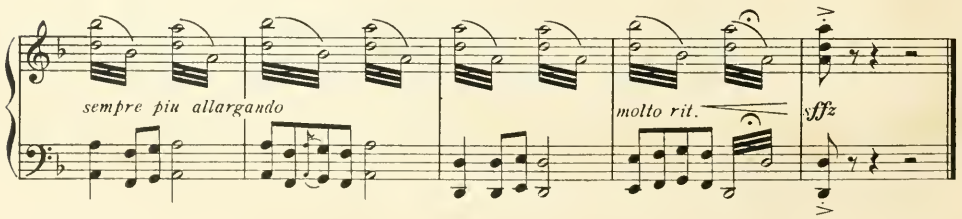

Wood Wind.
fz Strings tremolo.
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
A
B


f
fz
fz
fz


fz
fz
fz
fz


1
2
cresc.


Meno mosso.
ff


sempre piu allargando
molto rit.
sffz

Twilight in Barakeesh.

Nº 14.

(Zoradie and Full Chorus.)

Moderato.

8va

Short.

loco

p

accel

accel molto

ff

ff

p

p

SULTANA.

Crim-son the min-ar-et Grows in the west-ern glow Twi-light in Bar-a-keesh
Tam-bour and cas-ta-net Join in the ser - e - nade, Stars ov - er Bar-a-keesh

Falls! High o'er the mar-ket place Still-ing the
Glow! Out of the des-ert's heart Cool as a

8va

loco

p

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throng be-low Clear there the mu-ez-zin Calls! And while on high
moun-tain rill, Winds of the ev-en-tide Blow! And while o'er all

8va loco

rit. a tempo. rit.

The sil-ver cres-cent swings Un-to his love An Ar-ab rov-er sings.
The night it's man-tle flings Un-to his love An Ar-ab rov-er sings.

rit. a tempo. rit.

True as the blade of my scim-i-tar keen

Staunch as the steel of the shield that I wear Is

love, Oh, Gul - nare! Is the love that I give thee Gul-

marcatissimo.

nare And when my sword on the en - e - mys' rings

(clash)

When 'gainst my shield swift his ar-rows he wings

sf₂

(clash)

May they death to me bear, (clash) (clash) (clash)

sff

sff₂

marcatissimo.

Should I false to thee be Gul - nare!

(clash) sffz sffz (clash)

ff Ah!

CHORUS.

ff And when my sword on the en - e - my's rings,

unis. unis.

(clash)

Tutti. Brass + Sta. (fl)

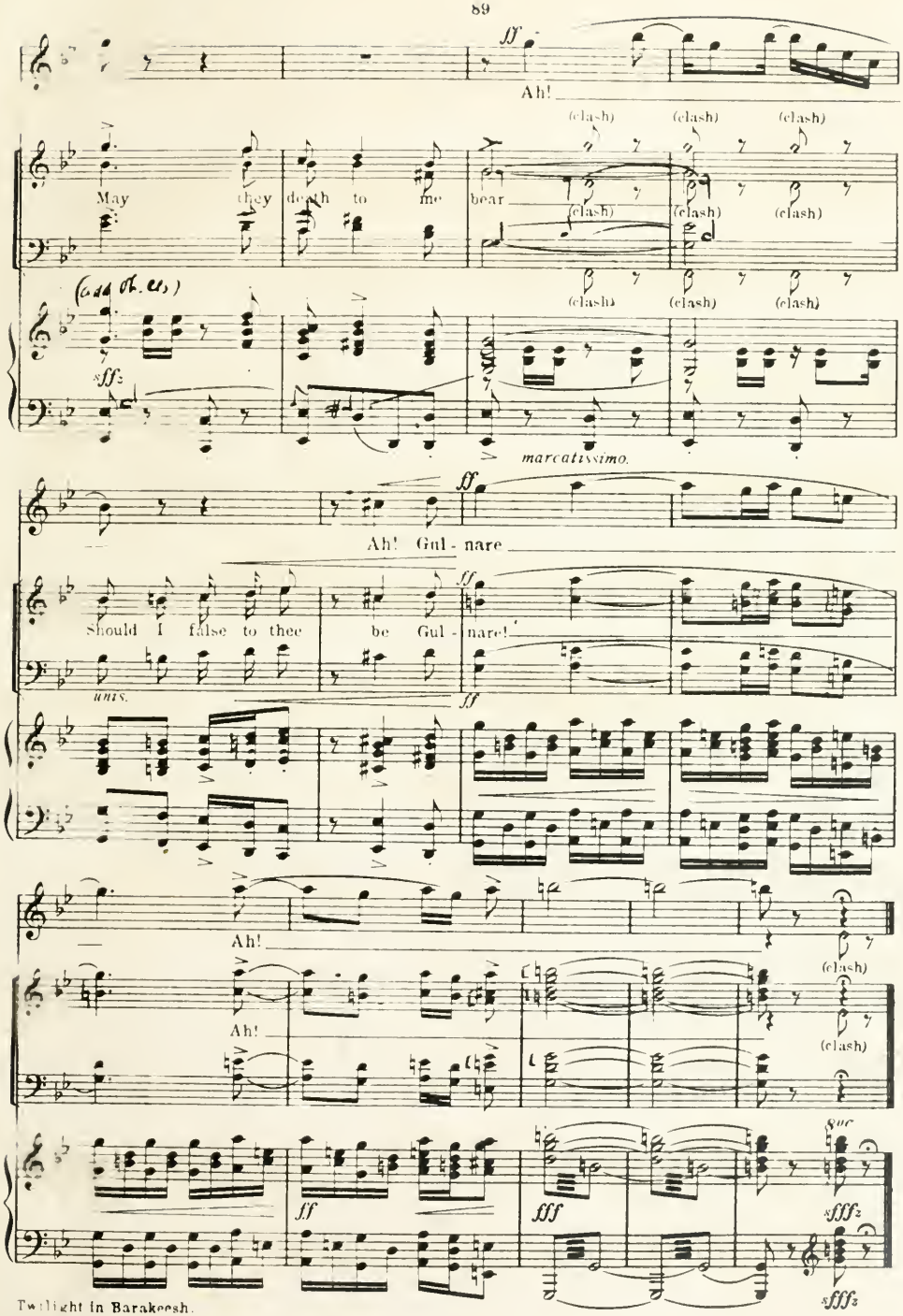
ffz sffz

ff Ah!

When 'gainst my shield swift his ar - rows he wings

(clash)

sffz


ff
Ah!
(clash)
May they death to me bear
(clash)
(clash)
(clash)
(clash)
(clash)
(clash)
(add Ob. cl.)
sff
marcatissimo.
ff
Ah! Gul - nare
Should I false to thee be Gul - nare!
unis.
ff
Ah!
(clash)
Ah!
(clash)
ff
fff
8uc
sffff
sffff

The Foolish Gardener.

Duo.

Nº 15.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Animato.

There
There

was a fool - ish gar - den - er A fool - ish gar - den had, The
was a fool - ish gar - den - er A fool - ish gar

flow - ers in it all were wild, the veg - e - ta - bles mad He
things that grew with - in it went com - plete - ly wild, The

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put be-neath his on - ion bed a per - fect set of springs, And
wat - er - mel - on broke the pledge and got to tak - ing nips On

all his car - rots grew a - round in eigh - teen car - at rings, He
ra - ces the as - par - a - gus went in for giv - ing tips, At

p

In Grand Opera Style.

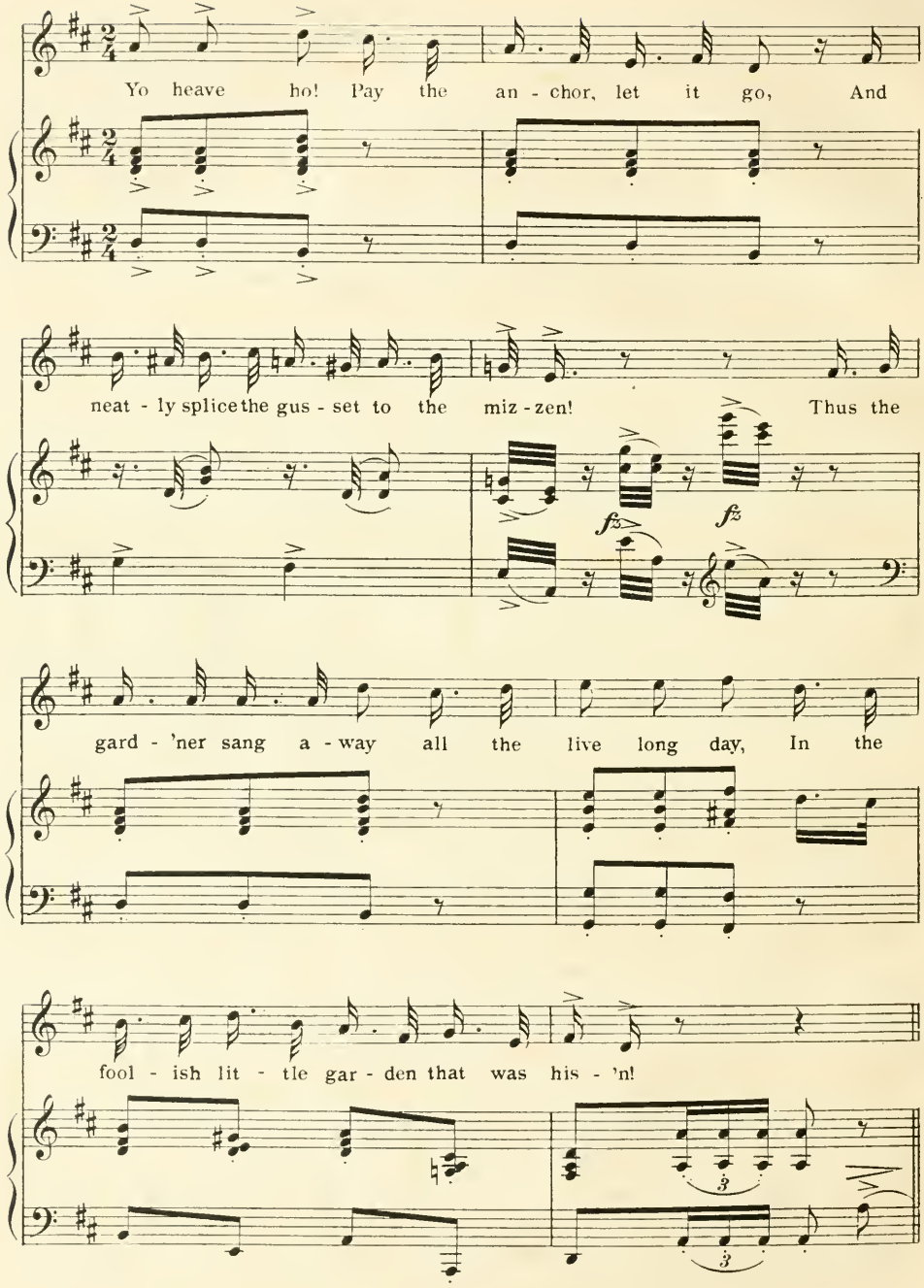
threw a - way his string beans but he al-ways kept the strings; For his
po - ker the po - ta - toes played with Sar - a - to - ga chips And the

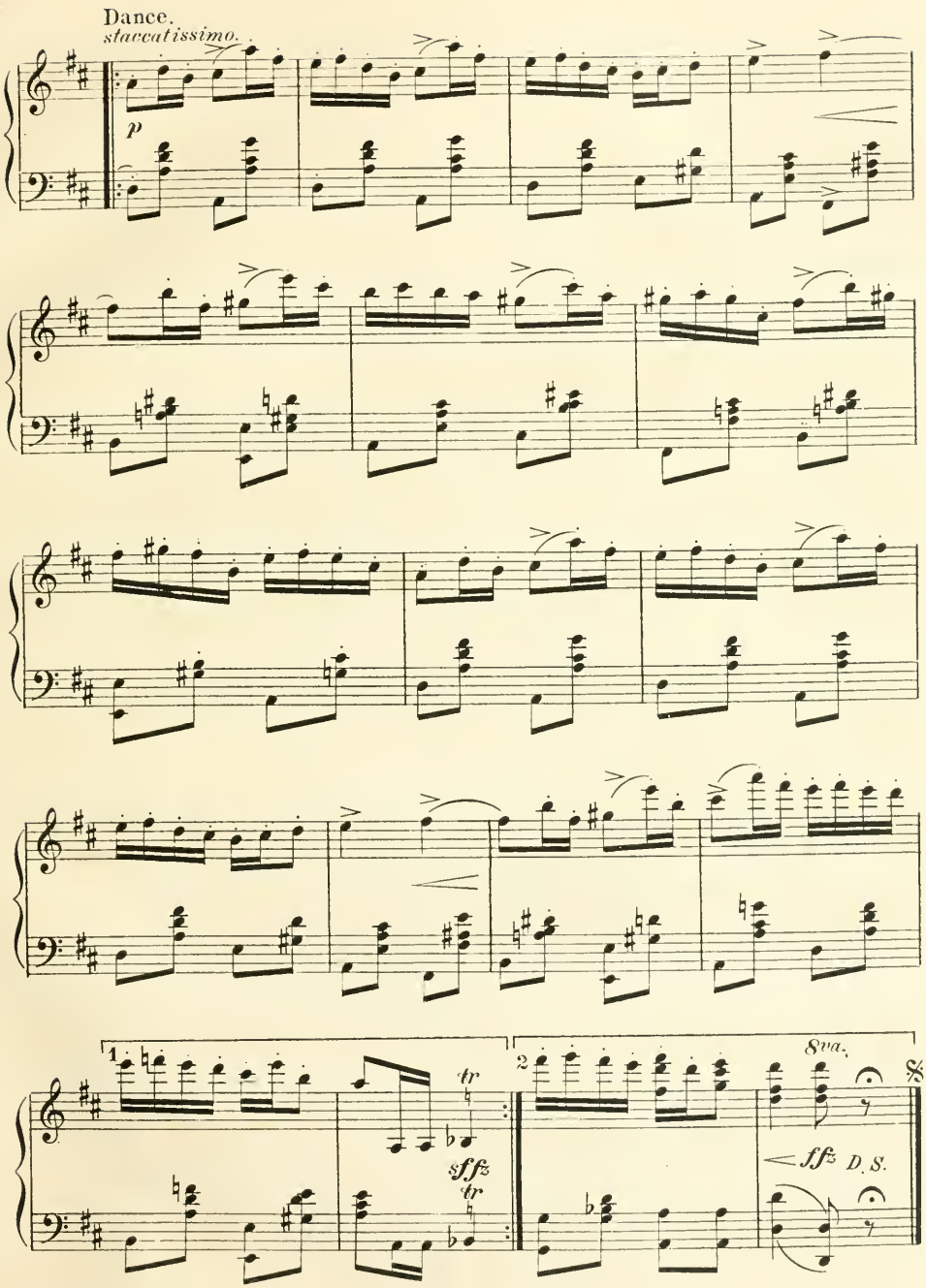
p

a tempo. TOGETHER.

broth-er was a drug-gist and he need - ed 'em, "Oh, it's
peas be - gan a shell game with the rad - ish - es,

colla voce. *a tempo.* *sfz* *sfz*


Yo heave ho! Pay the an - chor, let it go, And
neat - ly splice the gus - set to the miz - zen! Thus the
fz
fz
gard - 'ner sang a - way all the live long day, In the
fool - ish lit - tle gar - den that was his - 'n!


Dance.
staccatissimo.
p
1.
tr
sffz
tr
2
8va.
ffz
D. S.

Little Bird of Paradise.

№ 16.

(Van and Female Chorus.)

Tempo di Marcia.

f *f* *fz* *fz* *fz* *p*

I am the own - er of a small men - ag - er - ie,
That I am luck - y in one way you must a - gree,

This is what I kept it in, And here you see the key.
(Bottle) (Glass)
I don't have to go a - broad Strange an - i - mals to see.

When-e'er the pro - per use of both of these I've made,
For I can prom - e - nade right thro' my pri - vate zoo

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My pets for me pa - rade I
Af - ter a quart or two! I

love the hip - po - pot - a - mus with pur - ple spots, I
love the crim - son el - e-phant with sky blue feet, The

like the or - ange kan - ga - roo with pol - ka dots But
yel - low boa - con - strict - or, too, I think quite sweet, But

poco

poco

rit.

piu rit.

most of all I prize, My Bird of Par - a - dise.
most of all I prize, My Bird of Par - a - dise.

rit.

p

piu rit.

a tempo

Lit - tle Bird of Par - a - dise I am

GIRLS *2d time only*

Lit tle Bird of Par - a - dise We are

p a tempo

ver - y fond of you Spread your gold - en wing

Spread your gold - en wing

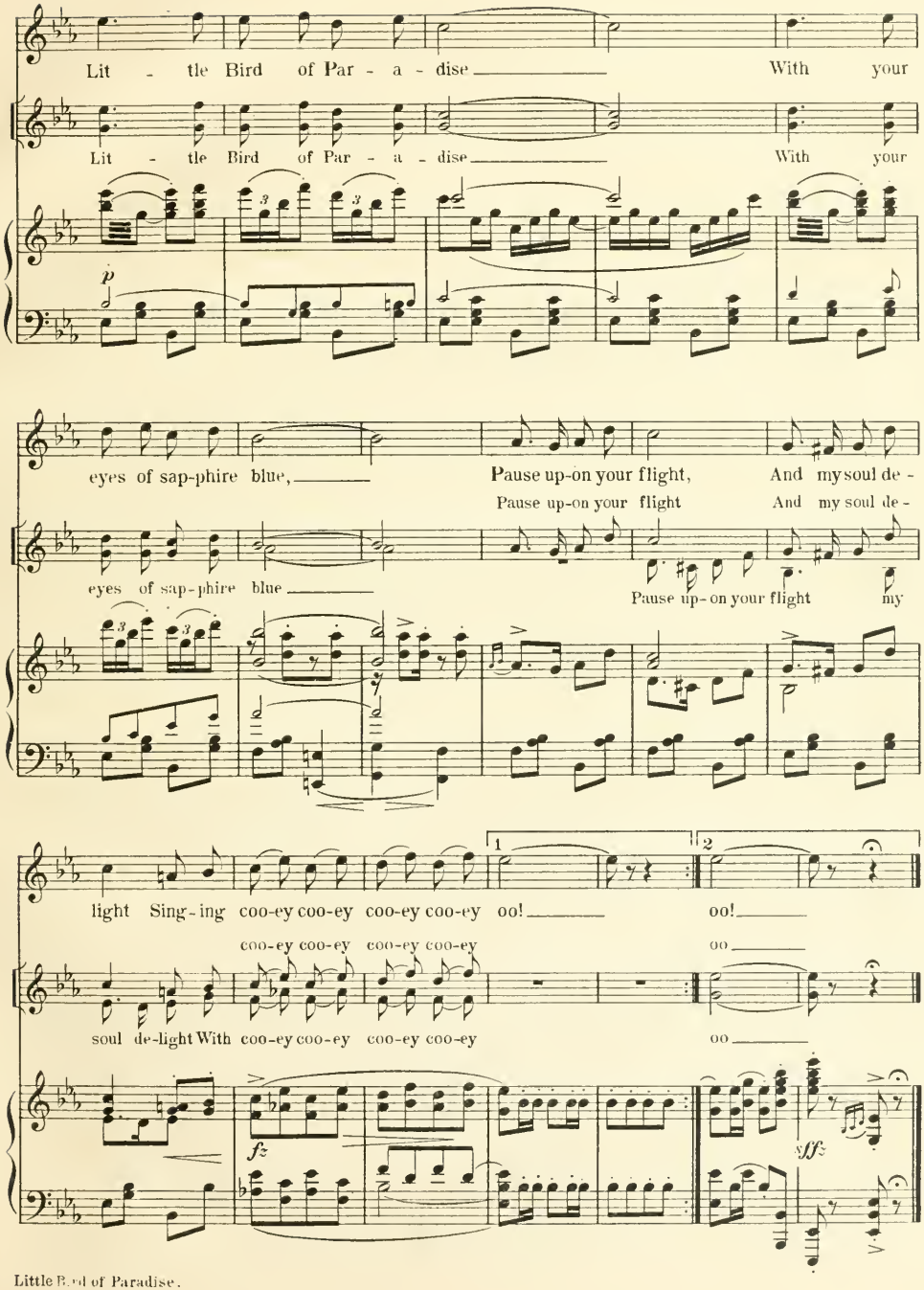
ver - y fond of you Spread your gold - en

Come to me and sing With your coo-ey coo-ey oo!

Come to me and sing With your coo-ey coo-ey oo

wing Come to me and sing Your coo-ey coo-ey oo

sffz


Lit - tle Bird of Par - a - dise With your
Lit - tle Bird of Par - a - dise With your
p
eyes of sap-phire blue, Pause up-on your flight, And my soul de-
Pause up-on your flight And my soul de-
eyes of sap-phire blue
Pause up-on your flight my
light Sing-ing coo-ey coo-ey coo-ey coo-ey oo! oo!
coo-ey coo-ey coo-ey coo-ey oo
soul de-light With coo-ey coo-ey coo-ey coo-ey oo
fz
sfz

Finale.

No. 17. ACT II.

ZORADIE.

My life I love thee I'll love thee

DE LOME.

My life I love thee

ff molto accel. *sffz* *f* *sffz*

till the day when from the skies the stars shall pass a - way My life I

I'll love thee till the day the stars shall pass a - way My life I

CHORUS. My life I

8va *loco* *ff*

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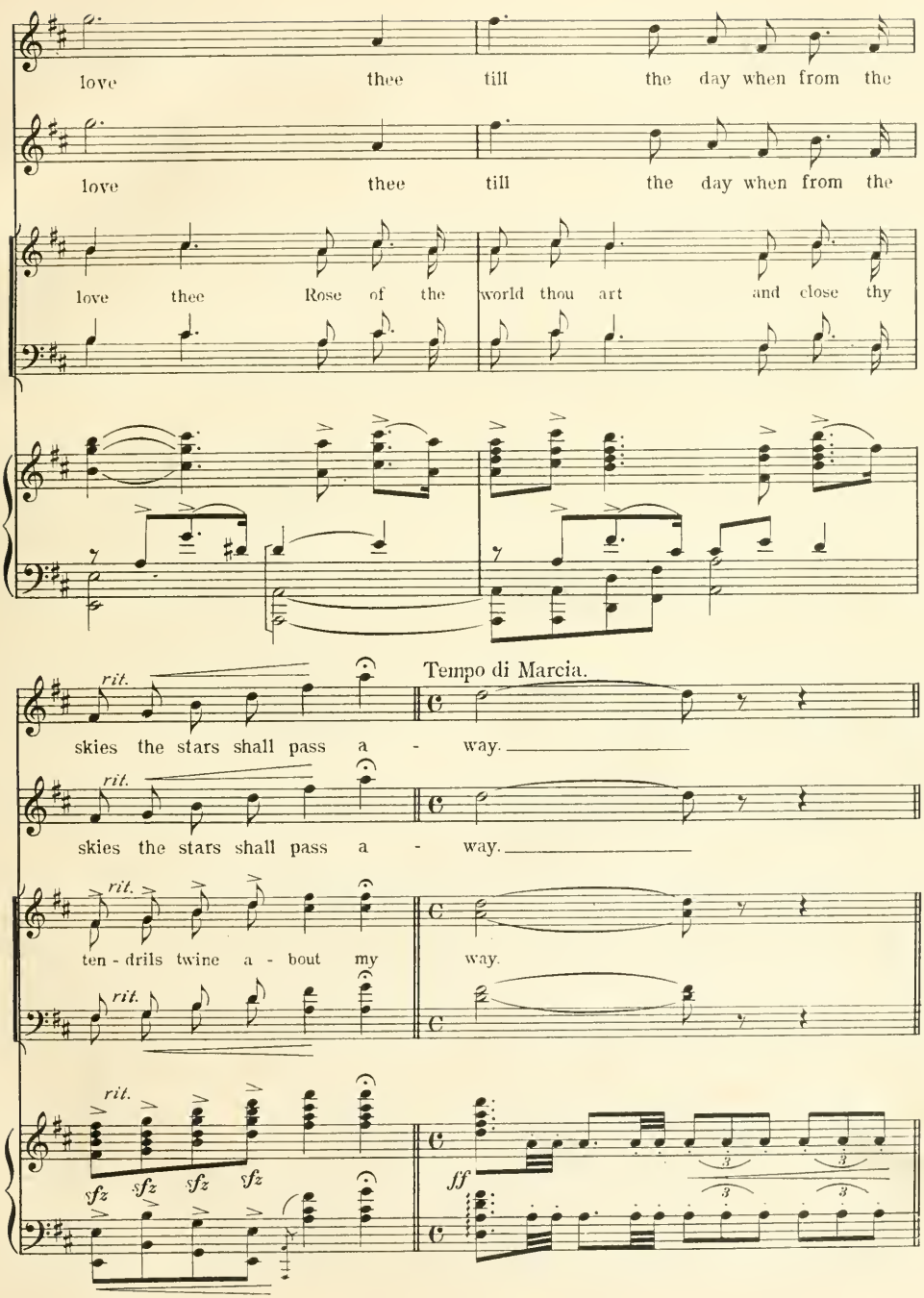

Finale - Act II.

PRINCIPALS and CHORUS.

He's been de - co - ra - ted, de - co - ra - ted He's been high-ly ra-ted, high-ly ra - ted

ma marcato.

He's been cel - e - bra-ted, im - i - ta - ted, em - u - la - ted, el - e - va - ted

sky high It's been free - ly sta - ted, free - ly sta - ted

8va

sfz *sffz* *p*

sffz

In him con - cen-tra - ted, con - cen-tra - ted are re

- in - car - na - ted Cae - sar, Pla - to, Cy - rus, Ca - to, thence his sta-tion high, that's why.

sffz *sffz* *sffz* *sffz*

It's been free - ly sta - ted, free - ly sta - ted In him

ff

Finale - Act II.

con - cen-tra - ted, con - cen-tra - ted are re - in - car - na - ted Cae sar, Pla - to,

Cy - rus, Ca - to thence his sta - tion high that's why! Hur rah! Hur

rah! Hur - rah!

ffz *ff*

8va

Finale - Act II.

No 14.

Bohemia, Good-bye!

Millicent, De Long, Sweet, Mrs. Cooings.

Allegro Commodo

f *sf* *dim.*

A sad eyed youth was stand-ing in a silk hat and a frock, 'Twas
I met an a - ged round-er with a ru - by tint - ed nose, He

fp

plain he was the vic - tim of a most ter - ri - fic shock, I
wore a look of ter - ror and a brand new suit of clothes, I

fp

cried what is your sor - row, I will help you if I can. He
said "Take cour - age, com - rade, I'll not leave you in the lurch!" He

fp

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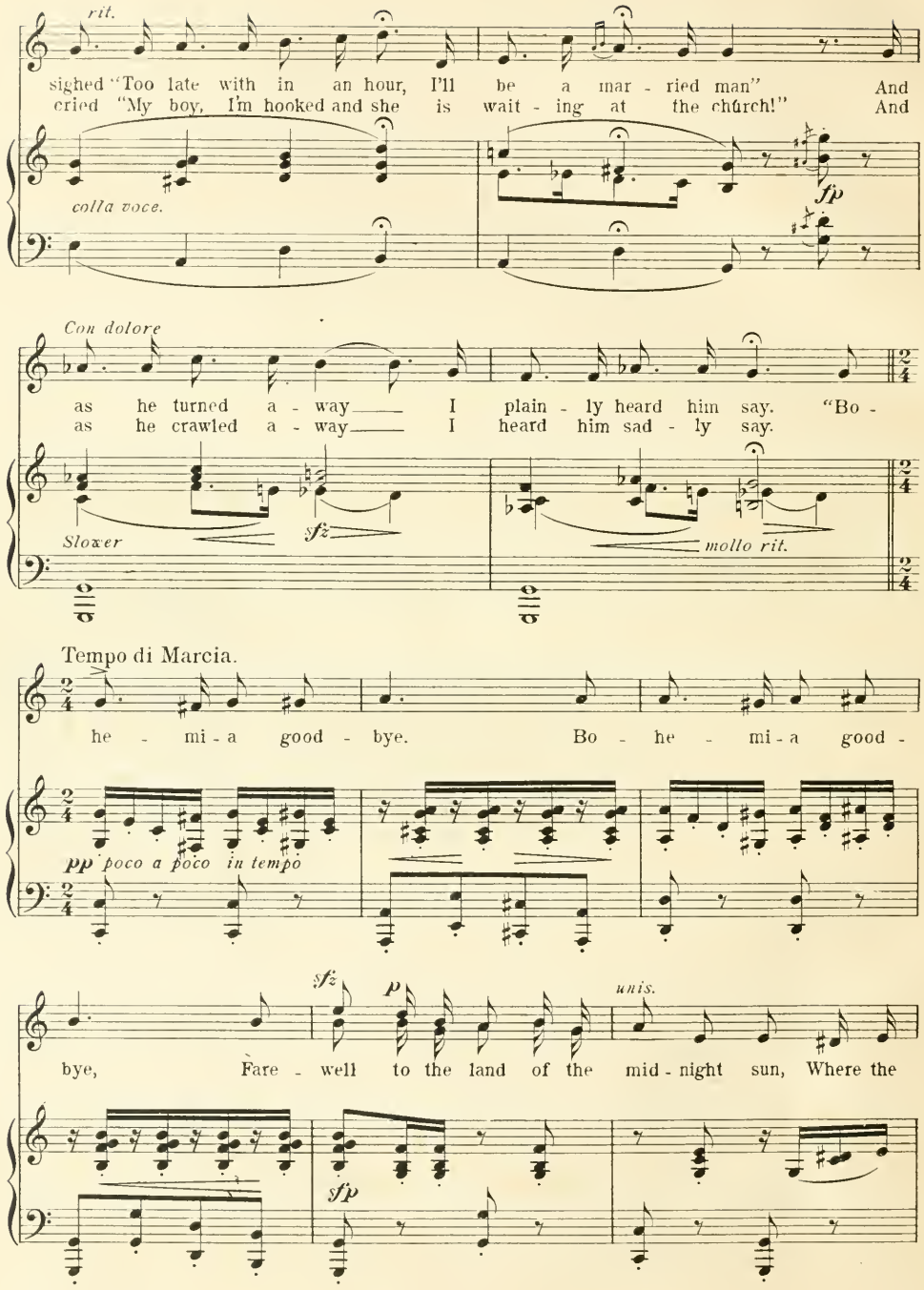
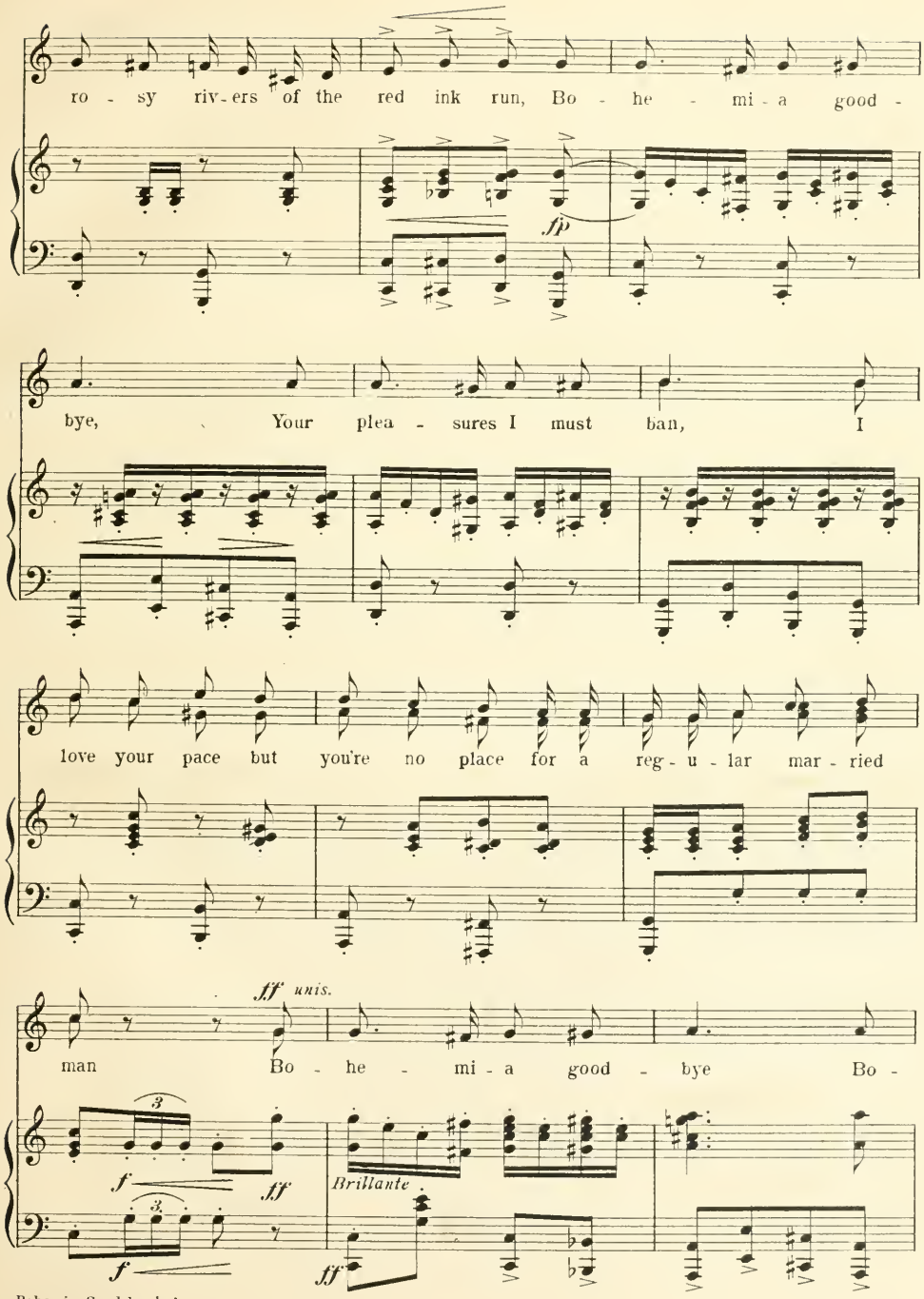
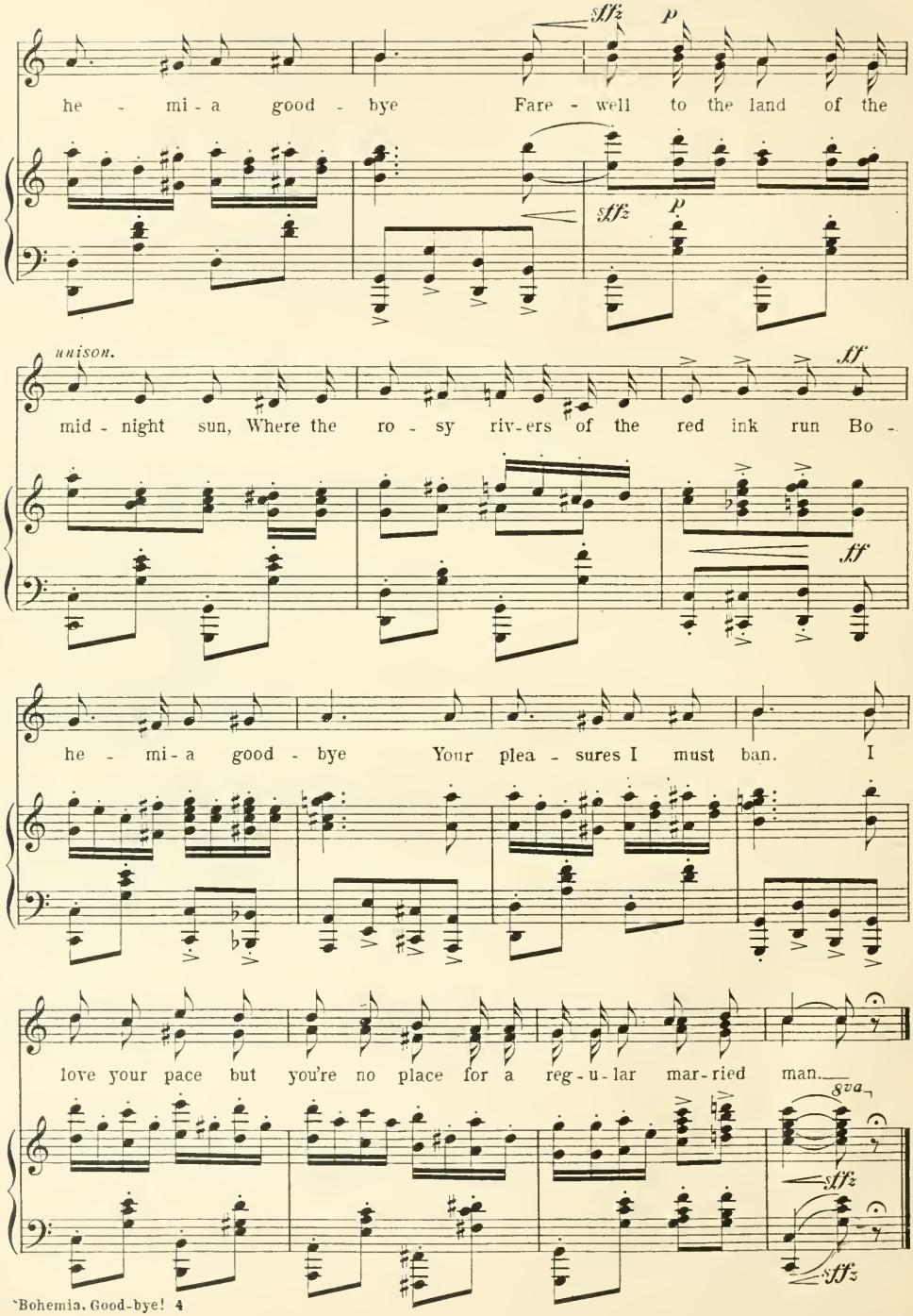

rit.
sighed "Too late with in an hour, I'll be a mar - ried man" And
cried "My boy, I'm hooked and she is wait - ing at the church!" And
colla voce.
fp
Con dolore
as he turned a - way I plain - ly heard him say. "Bo -
as he crawled a - way I heard him sad - ly say.
Slower
sfz
mollo rit.
Tempo di Marcia.
he - mi - a good - bye. Bo - he - mi - a good -
pp poco a poco in tempo
sfz
p
unis.
bye, Fare - well to the land of the mid - night sun, Where the
sfp


ro - sy riv-ers of the red ink run, Bo - he - mi - a good -
fp
bye, Your plea - sures I must ban, I
love your pace but you're no place for a reg - u - lar mar - ried
ff unis.
man Bo - he - mi - a good - bye Bo -
f
ff
Brillante
f
ff


sffz
p
he - mi - a good - bye Fare - well to the land of the
sffz
p
unison.
ff
mid - night sun, Where the ro - sy riv-ers of the red ink run Bo -
ff
he - mi - a good - bye Your plea - sures I must ban. I
love your pace but you're no place for a reg - u - lar mar - ried man.
8va
sffz
sffz

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